FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 19, 1946
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2400 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 19 1946

Bulmer's

DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT
Cider Makers
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

Obtainable at all the best Hotels and Restaurants

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

★ THE ORIGINAL AND THE ARISTOCRAT OF COCOAS ★

By Appointment

Cerebos

Salt perfection

A REAL PLEASURE

Bass

TRADE MARK

GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco

SHAFTESBURY HOMES
& 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP
1843 - 1945

Have
DURING 102 YEARS
helped **37,073** *children*
FUNDS NEEDED

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

KING SIX CIGARS *Now* 1/1 *each*

The quantity available for distribution is still, unfortunately, insufficient to meet demands.

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

"Fine Tailoring by . . .

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 Debenhams Ltd.

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

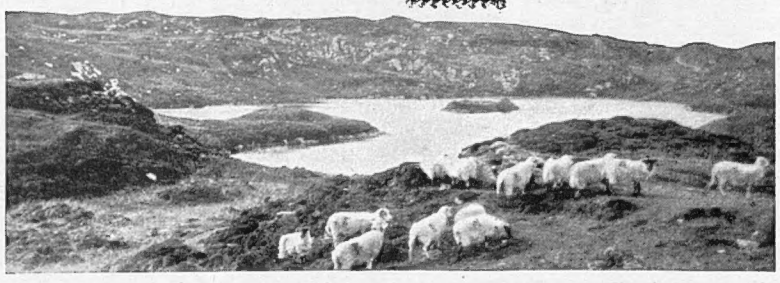
Why are these Islands so famous?

They are the home of HARRIS TWEED

For generations the making of Harris Tweed has been the pride and chief industry of the men and women of these Islands.

The matchless texture of Harris Tweed (of virgin Scottish wool), its great durability, its variety of design and colour, continue to find increasing fame and favour wherever quality is recognised and "character" appreciated.

See the mark on the cloth; see the label on the garment; *then you know it is Harris Tweed*



Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.

It looks so sweet—and it doesn't 'seat'

GOR-RAY Registered

Such a *pet* of a skirt! *Keeps* you smart, and wears well—good material, with the 'Zwow' pocket and no placket. Stocked by first-class shops everywhere, yet not expensive. Look for the label.

Gor-ray Ltd., 107 New Bond St., W.1

Volume CLXXXIV No. 2400 The SPHERE, London, January 19, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

ENNERDALE WATER—AN INDUSTRIAL PROPOSAL STIRS UP A CONTROVERSY: THE OLD ANGLER'S INN IN THE CUMBERLAND LAKE DISTRICT WHICH IS THREATENED BY THE PLAN TO RAISE THE LAKE LEVEL BY 5 FT., thus providing Whitehaven with increased water supplies

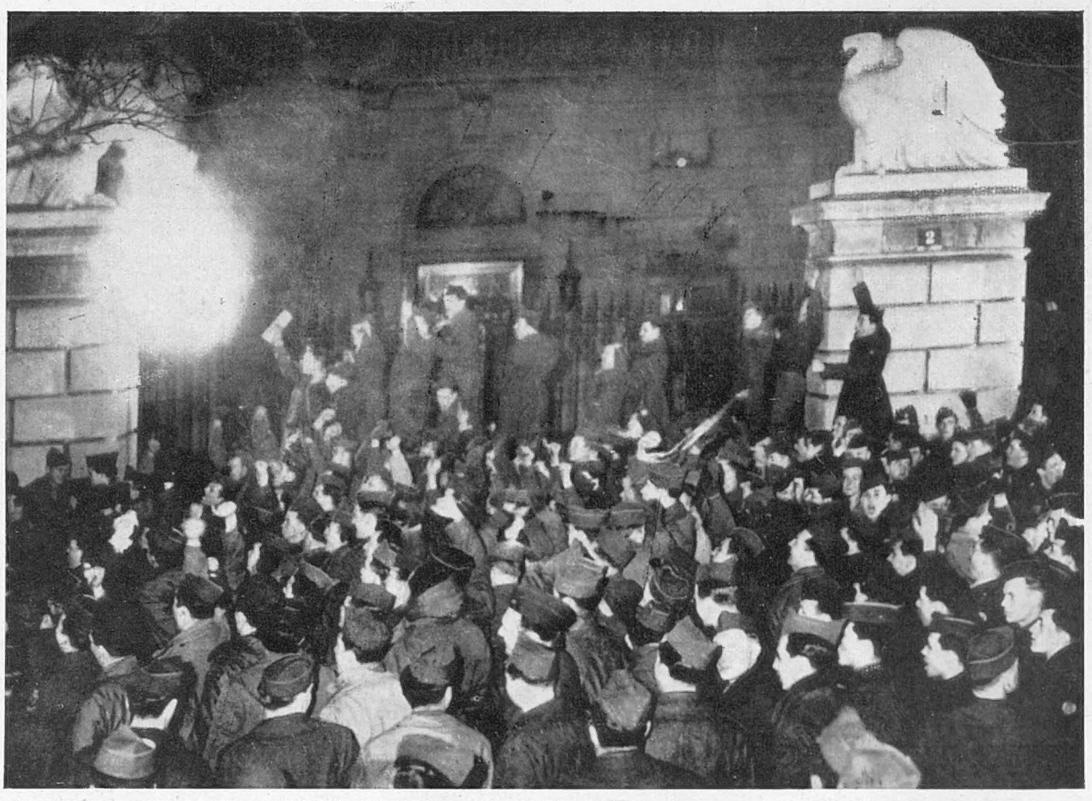
The proposal to raise by 5 ft. the level of Ennerdale Lake, Cumberland, throws into relief the controversy between those who would preserve from all encroachment the rural amenities of the Lake District and those who would develop the West Cumberland area, which is so sadly in need of new industries. Many people who live in the area hold that employment and social benefit should be paramount, and that Whitehaven's need for more water for the new acetate rayon-producing factory should be met at all costs. The Friends of the Lake District, however, have been opposing the Ennerdale measure vigorously, regarding it very much as a test case, and they have prepared a memorandum suggesting that the necessary water could be obtained from neighbouring fells with a similar catchment area. Cumberland County Council is to consider the whole question of county water supplies at a meeting on February 3. Meanwhile, the controversy proceeds

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.: Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Boost and Boast.—One of the features of the Government's policy which strains my patience and tolerance is the determination of every Minister who makes a public speech to grind his party axe and make Socialist hay in the national field while the sun shines. This is a new feature of British Government. In the old days, the party axes were laid up after the election dog-fight, and the new Government, whatever its colour, became the Government of the whole country—*pro tem.* It was better so, and much more dignified and decent. Morrison and Dalton are among the chief publicity men on the Socialist Front Bench. They never lose a chance to boost Socialism. Even the Premier, visiting America, quite forgot England in boosting Socialism. But boast and boost come home to roost. It 's a dangerous game. No doubt, this is an "age of records," but not necessarily a safe age. And of all records in speed, legislative records are the most dangerous. Rushing through legislation against time is jerry-building; and nothing is more likely to upset the majority's opinion of the stability and statesmanship of Mr. Attlee's team than those heady boasts of total reform of everything in record time, and against time. And as to the hasty use of axes, Socialist Ministers should watch how a trained team of foresters go about the business of felling a plantation.



PART OF THE WORLD-WIDE AGITATION BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS : Outside the gates of the American Embassy, beside the Place de la Concorde in Paris, U.S. soldiers attend a mass meeting to protest against the slowness of demobilisation. Earlier in the evening a great procession had marched down the Champs Elysées singing "We wanna go home," and feeling at times ran dangerously high. Meanwhile, there were similar demonstrations in Great Britain, the Philippines, at Guam, and in China, and President Truman was impelled to issue a statement telling the troops to "be patient." The President also called for a report from General Eisenhower, the Chief of Staff. The General attributed the discontent primarily to acute homesickness, but warned the Executive that, in spite of Congress critics, the Army must not be permitted to demobilise at a rate that would make it shrink below the minimum requirements for the carrying out of U.S. commitments in the American Occupation Zones

U.N.O. or Don't You?—We must avoid at all costs being surfeited with U.N.O. Satiety is almost as dangerous as apathy. In this year of Grace, we have harnessed the atom (as it was in my youth) of publicity so well and truly that it covers and colours every sphere of life and every moment of living. Mechanical means furnish us with eyes and ears to see and hear inside buildings to which we cannot obtain access. All day long and half the night eyewitnesses and pundits blare out descriptions and estimates of progress of the nations in conference; books and articles come rolling from the presses, and the cinema and camera never forget their duty to the public. In a few weeks, we may be inclined to cry "*Toujours perdrix!*" Before we do so, we should carefully estimate the value to us of all this publicity Does it get us anywhere? Do we really know any more of the appearance, let alone of the mind, of M. Quelquechose, the second string of the Ruritania delegation? Can we really feel we know the precise appearance of the Central Hall in its glad-rags? Science has done a lot for publicity, but has it yet done anything striking? I never saw India, but I have read innumerable books about India, by Kipling, F. A. Steel, Bromfield, and so on; yet I have not the slightest idea what any part of India is really like—how it would strike *me*. I had read a lot of descriptive matter about Florence before I first saw it. But my surprise and delight at that first contact were complete and fresh. So I say that perhaps continuous publicity concerning U.N.O. in London may prove more dangerous than useful. Ignorance is bad. Boredom is criminal.

The Last Chance.—I have written lightly of the danger of our becoming surfeited by well-meaning publicity playing upon the U.N Assembly. The point which I had in mind was to stress that we (and a thousand million victims of their Governments) are concerned with results, not with temporary outstanding personalities The whole suffering, enslaved world demands Security and Peace as of right and every delegate at Westminster to-day is a mouthpiece of millions and not a statesman of a geographical unit. Nevertheless, the publicity men are right enough to throw light on the conduct of the deliberations. Fifty nations in conclave cannot hope to use the same yardstick for measurement. Frankness is vital. Grievances are there to be aired, and eliminated. There can be no end to mistrust except by emptying and airing the cupboards. And, having said so much, it remains to say that, even so, the personalities of the statesmen-delegates are nothing, the will of the thousand million everything. The very airing must be rationed. The axes of Geneva must never come out again. Mr. Bevin, with a courage we must admire to the verge of anxiety, boldly and frankly grasped the nettle. Lobbying is indefensible, the time-table must be watched; the agreed procedure must be followed; and there must be progress and results *all the time*. Already, within three days, it was possible clearly to observe an Eastern bloc harnessed to obstruct, organised to achieve, limited, bloc advantages. With mingled fear and courage, the nations in conclave have tabooed lobbying and upheld the time-table. Progress has been forced, and it is comforting to hope that the minority has taken the verdict in a sporting spirit. This is the last chance. War has bred war since Time ran. Every war has proved the root cause of the next, because the will of the peoples has never yet been heard in the resettlements after war.

Kings and Emperors.—Monarchies tend to grow fewer. World wars, inasmuch as they breed revolutions, are Enemy No. 1 of Kings and Dynasties Yugoslavia and Albania are among the latest who have decided to "Zog it off," and have turned themselves into republics. And now it is being questioned whether Japan can ever undergo the healthy revolution deemed necessary for her well-being, and ours, while the Emperor remains on his throne. It was thought for a short time that if he were divested of his godhead, he might still prove useful in leading the nation to democracy as an earthly emperor. But as God and Emperor, it is recognised, he has for so long been nothing but a tool and a handle in the hands of the Junkers and Big Business, that the mere divestment of his divinity cannot turn him into a political influence. Rather, the reverse. The Junkers used, while they laughed in their sleeves at, his divinity. It was the enslaved and ignorant mass which believed in his godhead and thus accorded him authority. So the divestment of his divinity is now acknowledged to have been a misshit, and the nations most concerned are coming to the view that Hirohito and his dynasty should be shorn of temporal power also, if Japan is to gain its political freedom and democracy. One notes that Democracy is not a very welcome gift to people long enslaved. It takes generations of experience of emancipation to learn what to do with political freedom. The tale of the old lag, released at last from prison, who returned and rang the prison bell and begged for readmission to the comfort and warmth of prison life, is not inept in Germany and Japan to-day. But that is not to say that Monarchy and Democracy cannot march onwards together. On the contrary, Monarchy is most secure, and most generally and generously approved, in countries in which Democracy flourishes most nearly to the ideal. It is nowhere very near the ideal as yet. But in Britain, Scandinavia and Holland it is making progress and in those countries the monarchies stand firmest. But, then, the monarchs themselves give a lead in the Democratic ideal.

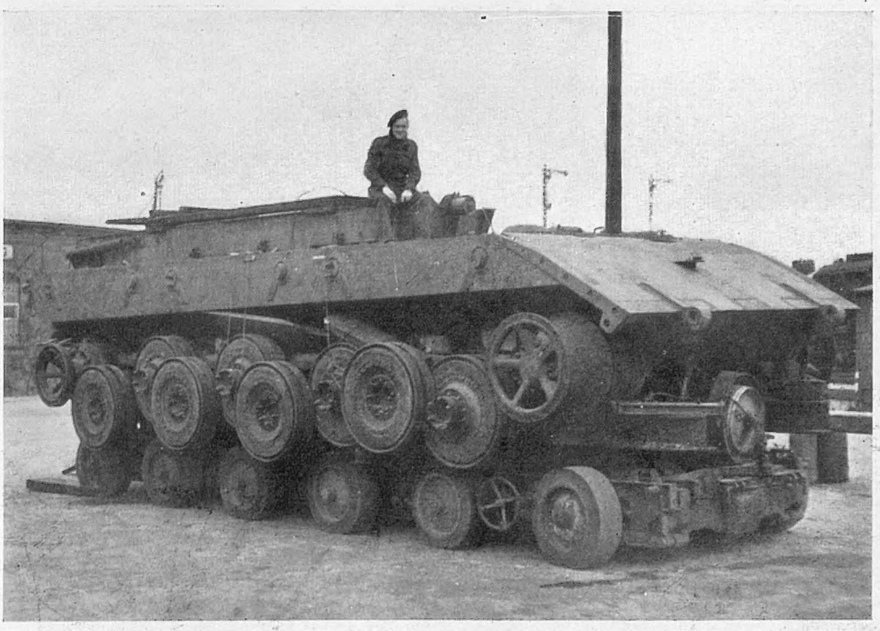
Youth at the Prow.—Always after wars there is a cry for youth to take the reins. "The old men have bungled it again. The boys who 'get them out of the mess' have a right and a duty to rebuild the shattered fabric." But it doesn't work out that way. After 1918 the old men of the sea were soon enough back in power. Baldwin, Chamberlain, and so on. Then came 1939 (and Britain owed a good deal in those grim years that followed to the old men). Now, again, the cry for youth at the helm is insistent. But it doesn't work out that way. A root-and-branch reforming Government shows an average age of sixty in its Cabinet. At the other end of the stick, the Lord Chancellor is credited with the declaration that no man should be appointed a magistrate who is over thirty years of age—and an ex-Service man at that. But it won't work out that way. Where to-day can you find a supply of thirty-year-old men with time to spare for the Bench, even assuming that they possess the experience, the patience, the bare legal knowledge for that dreary task? Ideally, no doubt, youth should come at the end of life. Ideally, it should be possible to set old heads on young shoulders. But it doesn't work out like that. And now, once more, all is to build again; now, once more, Britain is to take a real lead in resettling the tangle of civilisation. To-day, we are not only to play host to U.N.O., while it remains homeless; we are to play guide and leader. And those guides will be mostly the old men; the old men of the sea who are snugly settled on our shoulders, as ever. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" Let us hope it won't work out that way. Let us pray that age will reveal both the experience and the power to use it; both wisdom and elasticity. For in all walks of life the old men will still be at the helm.

The Grey Squirrel.—We pinned our faith on Peter Fleming, "had near some surgeon on our charge," and dined agreeably off roast grey squirrel; not exactly chicken, not precisely rabbit, but certainly not roast rat. Like preserved blackcock, this recruit to the dinner-table is perhaps all the better for the usual concomitants, bread sauce or other flavoured sauces. But it is no dish to be despised in these days when beef is mere *horse*; and the doctor was not called in. And we have plenty in the larder. My son's 4·10 gun is never silent round my kitchen-garden. He averages about two every day, and the supply never dries up. This is indeed a menace to horticulture of serious proportions. I could wish that the Farmers' Union, instead of inciting all the unlicensed gun-owners to wipe out the last frail remnant of the native roe-deer in Southern England—in Sussex almost our last amenity and delight—would learn the difference between roebuck and escaped park-deer, and would divide their energies between exterminating park-deer and grey squirrels. Then I should regard their directives as more sensible and less *Cockney*.

THE OLD STAGER

FOUR NEW GERMAN TANKS

Prepared by the Enemy for the Closing Stages of the War in Europe



A MONSTER THAT NEVER SAW THE BATTLEFIELDS : The German tank E.100, which without turret and gun weighs 87 tons, pictured on a transporter while en route from Germany to England, where its various technical improvements are to be studied by tank experts. Note the strength of the frontal armour

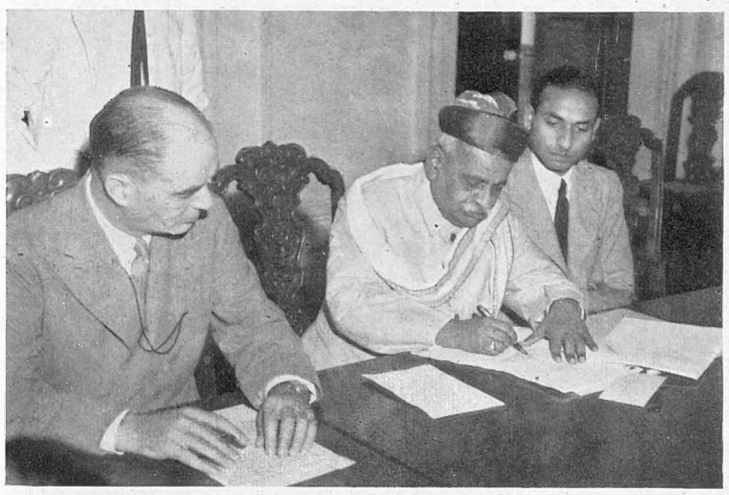
SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY : This 67-ton transporter, known as the Grille, was designed, but never used, by the German Army to carry a gun of heavy calibre into action against tanks and blockhouses

THE JUGD TIGER : Another of the latest German tanks designed and built too late to go into action. The Jugd has a 125-mm. gun, and heavy armour-plating at its front and sides

THE UNDERWATER TIGER : This German tank was designed to cross rivers up to 16 ft. deep and while staying submerged could keep radio contact with the outside world. Its gun would appear to be an 88-mm., and it is equipped with a muzzle brake

The new German tanks, which are shown on this page as they were being transported by a R.E.M.E. Heavy Recovery Section from Kassel to Bremen en route to Britain, represent the very latest German ideas in armoured warfare. Fortunately they were designed too late for action on the battlefields of Europe, and there is no doubt that, with their heavy-calibre guns, they would have proved a potent factor in the campaign on the North German Plains. The underwater Tiger is a most remarkable achievement, and is said to be capable of submersion for as long as five hours, during which radio contact is still maintained with headquarters. Such a tank would have proved of inestimable value to the Germans on smaller river crossings on both the Eastern and Western fronts

THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY WITH SIAM

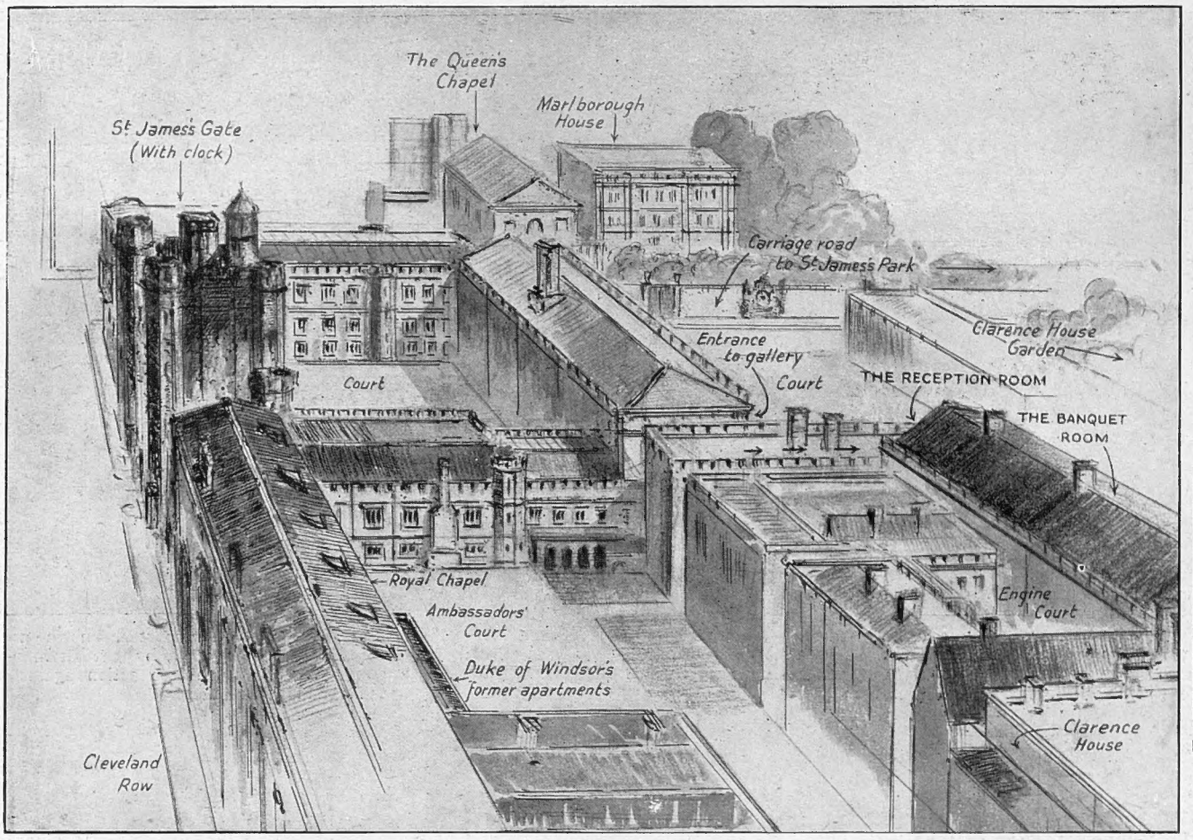


A MOMENTOUS AGREEMENT AT SINGAPORE : Mr. S. Aney (left), acting on behalf of H.M. Government in India, and Prince Viwatchai (right), acting on behalf of Siam, signing the Peace Treaty ending the state of war between the United Kingdom and India, on the one hand, and Siam on the other

The terms of the peace agreement between Britain and Siam are such that Siam loses all acquisitions of British territory made later than December 7, 1941, and at the same time the Siamese Government guarantees to make good all our property rights and interests within her borders There are also a number of trade clauses in the treaty, and most important of these relates to the annual allocation, up to a maximum of 1,500,000 tons, of all rice surpluses. The question of civil air services also figures largely in the agreement, and Siam will give Britain every facility for the development of commercial lines. Britain and India undertake at the same time to support Siam's candidature for membership of the United Nations Organisation

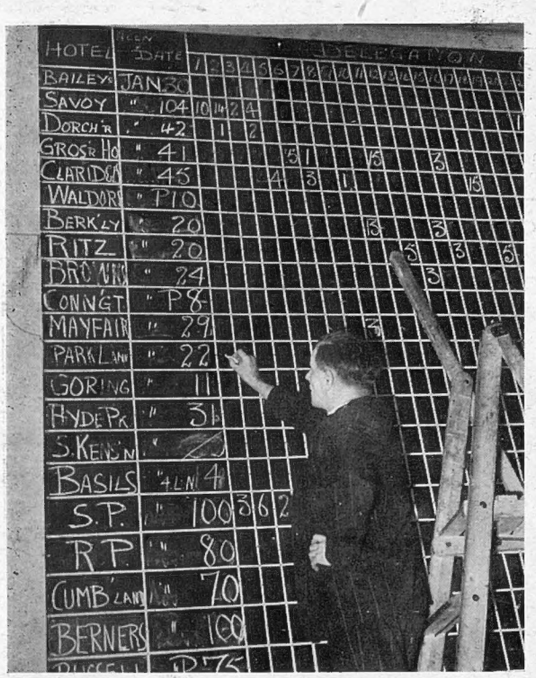
U.N.O.

London Accommodates 2,000 Visitors for the First Fateful Meetings of the new World Organisation



WHERE THE KING ENTERTAINED THE DELEGATES AT A STATE BANQUET: Historic St. James's Palace, scene of the brilliant gathering on January 9, when King George addressed the Ministers and Statesmen of fifty-one nations

The State Banquet to the delegates assembled in London for the first meetings of the United Nations General Assembly took place in St. James's Palace in two apartments which are reached by entry through the St. James's Gate, the towers and clock of which are a familiar sight to those passing up and down St. James's Street. Entry is through the archway of the gateway admitting at once to the Colour Court, and the doorways communicate with the Entrée Room, where the banquet took place. The reception was in the adjoining Queen Anne drawing-room. The surroundings are redolent of events connected with the Royal Houses of England. Henry VIII first acquired the property in 1532; Charles II was born there in 1630; and Charles I spent his last night on earth there walking across St. James's Park on the following morning to the scaffold in Whitehall. The Palace was continuously a royal residence from 1697, when old Whitehall was burned down, until about 1761, when George III bought Buckingham House and made it his home.



KEEPING TRACK OF THE U.N.O. DELEGATES: Colonel R. C. A. Cummings, O.B.E., consulting his operations board at 17, Carlton House Terrace, where he is in charge of accommodating the 2,000 visitors who have come to London for the United Nations Conference. This house, it will be remembered, was Ribbentrop's old home during the fateful days of his ambassadorship; now the U.N.O. "Action Squad" is working there night and day, ready at a moment's notice to give information as to where any one of the delegates may be found.

Altogether, fifteen hotels and clubs are being used

U.N.O. HAS ITS OWN BADGE: A globe encircled by a wreath of olive leaves is the emblem of the United Nations hanging in Central Hall, Westminster

WHERE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS MET ON JANUARY 10: The Central Hall, Westminster, which has been specially adapted to accommodate the 600 or more delegates, representing fifty-one nations, who gathered in London last week for the first vital meetings. The main hall, which has been specially redecorated and furnished for the meetings, presents a dignified and impressive appearance. The building is being guarded by a detachment of the Royal Marines, the same unit that did duty at the Potsdam Conference and also provided an escort for the British delegation at San Francisco

KEY-MEN OF THE ACTION SQUAD: Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Vergin, who is responsible for the office accommodation, and Lieut.-Colonel R. C. A. Cummings, who is responsible for the hotel accommodation of all the delegates, secretaries and advisers to the United Nations Conference

SPACE IS THE PROBLEM: Signor Verni and Dr. Dubois, secretaries to the Argentinian delegate, sort out their conference documents on the bed in one of their hotel rooms. This picture typifies the difficulties under which delegates have had to work in much overcrowded London

THE KING ENTERTAINS THE DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT A STATE BANQUET HELD IN THE ENTRÉE ROOM OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE: Seated with his guests at the opening on the evening of January 9, when he made a moving plea that the delegates should "lay the foundations of a new world"

The U.N.O. BANQUET AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

In a room hung with rich crimson tapestry and warmed by blazing log fires in Tudor grates, eighty-six guests sat down to dinner with the King at St. James's Palace on the night of January 9. Fifty-one of the guests were delegates to the General Assembly of U.N.O., which opened its deliberations on the following day at the Central Hall, Westminster.

The State Banquet—three courses of which were served on the State gold plate—was marked by scenes of splendour unsurpassed since long before the war. After dinner the King, wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet and standing under the portrait of his ancestor, William IV, rose to welcome the guests. He told them: "It is for you to lay the foundation of a new world where such a conflict as that which lately brought our world to the verge of annihilation must never be repeated. It is in your hands," he said, "to make or mar the happiness of millions."

Seated on the King's right hand was Dr. Angel, of Colombia, President of the Preparatory Commission, and next to Dr. Angel was Lord Jowitt. On the King's left was M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, who the next day was elected first President of the Assembly, and next to him were Mr. Attlee and Mr. Byrnes, the U.S. Secretary of State. Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, who was the only guest to wear a lounge suit, is seen in the centre of the second table, while Mr. Anthony Eden, ardent protagonist of the old League, is seated (facing the camera) at the top end of the table in the foreground. Beside him is Senor Ramirez, of Nicaragua.

FLAGS OF FIFTY-ONE NATIONS ADORN THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, where the U.N.O. delegates are meeting. Fifty of these were flown to London from San Francisco, where they had been used at the previous conference. The new flag (the fifty-first) is that of Poland, the status of which was not recognised until the closing days of the San Francisco meeting

THE TABLE IS SET FOR THE GREAT BANQUET: The scene in the Entrée Room at St. James's Palace before the arrival of the King's guests. Tall candles, burning in candelabra of solid gold, shed a mellow light on gold vases filled with pink chrysanthemums and pink and white orchids. The King sat in an armchair of gilt and crimson silk, and behind him hung pictures of William IV and Admirals Nelson and Rodney. On the tables on the left can be seen pieces from the State collection of gold plate

b

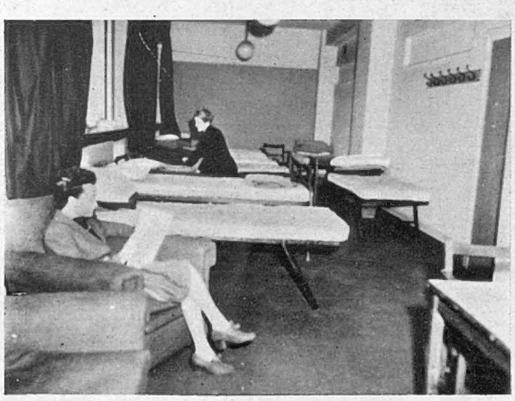
THE WORLD ASSEMBLY IN SESSION

The United Nations Organisation Meets at Central Hall and Chooses a President

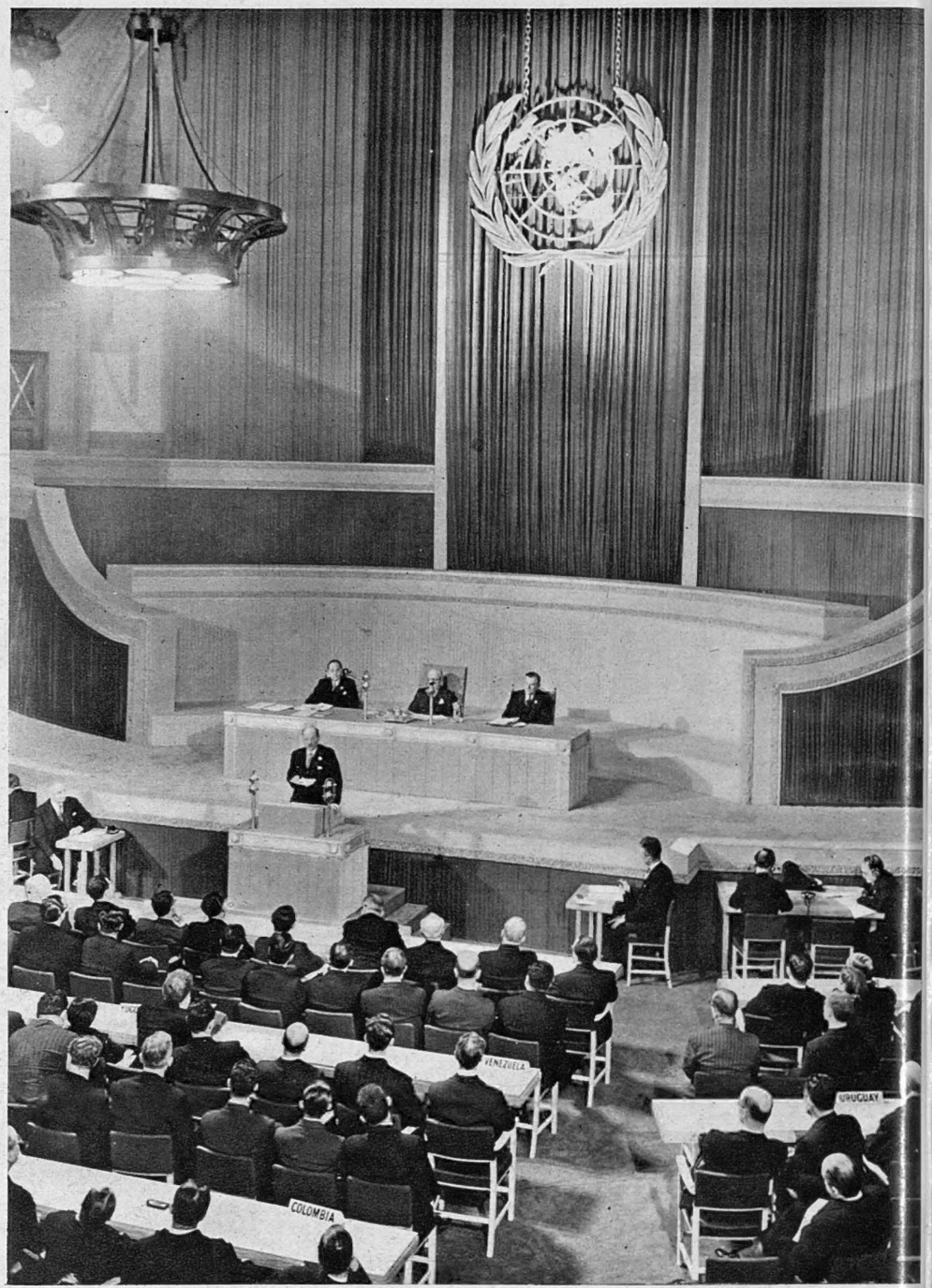
AS THE DELEGATES ARRIVED: A big crowd assembled outside the flag-draped Central Hall, Westminster, eager to see the representatives of the fifty-one nations attending the first meeting of the new Organisation and successor of the old League

BEFORE THE FIRST SESSION: A scene of animated discussion outside the Distinguished Visitors Gallery at Central Hall. Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor Jowitt were among the distinguished visitors on the first day

THE AMERICAN DELEGATION UNDER FIRE: Cameramen taking pictures in the Central Hall of the U.S. representatives. In the foreground on right is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and standing behind her is Senator Connally. On left are former Secretary of State Stettinius and Secretary of State Byrnes

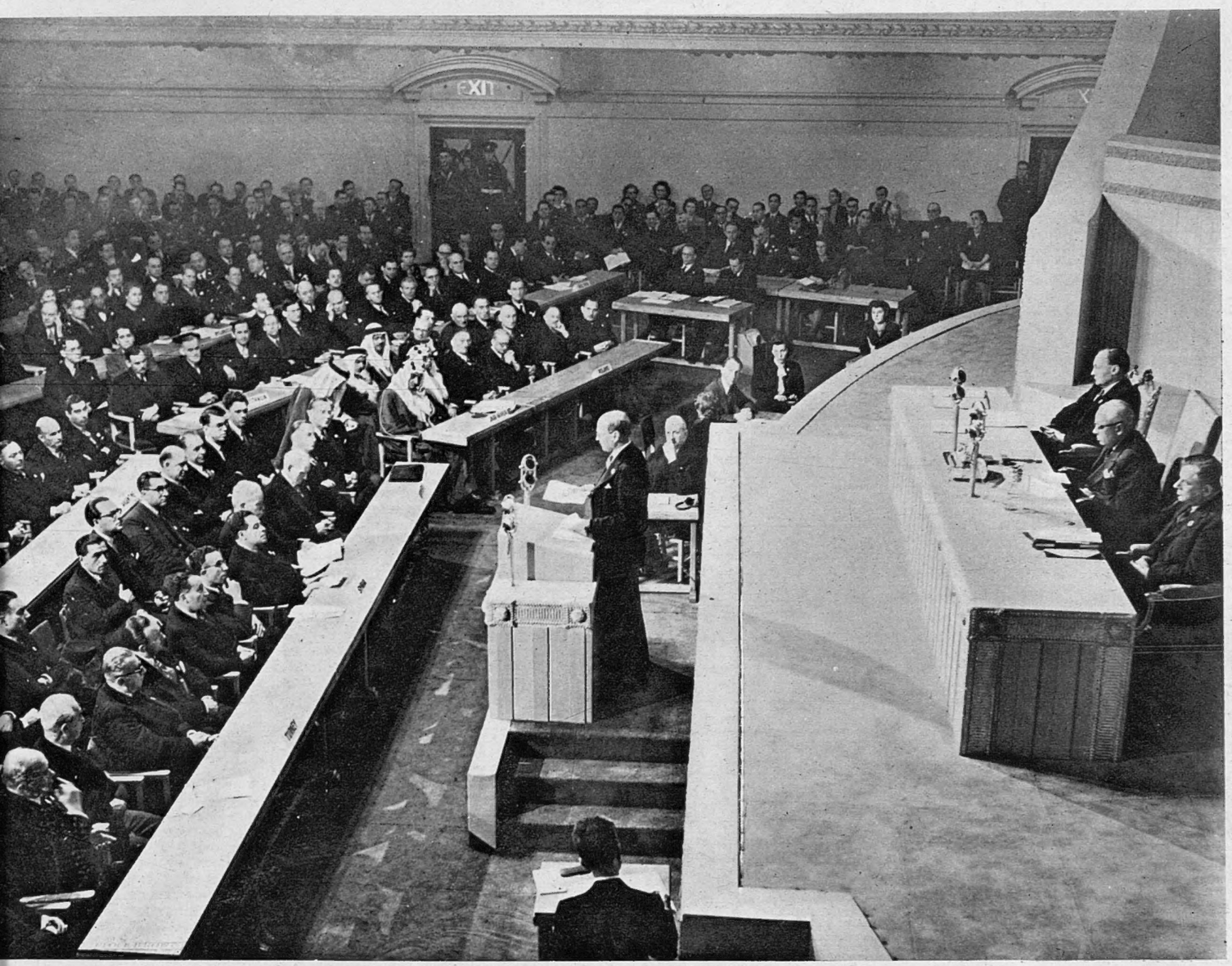


TIED TO THEIR POSTS: Adelaide Espeland, Secretary to the Editor of U.N.O.'s "Journal," and Margaret Heath, Editor of the U.N.O. "Handbook," resting in the dormitory provided for late workers at Central Hall



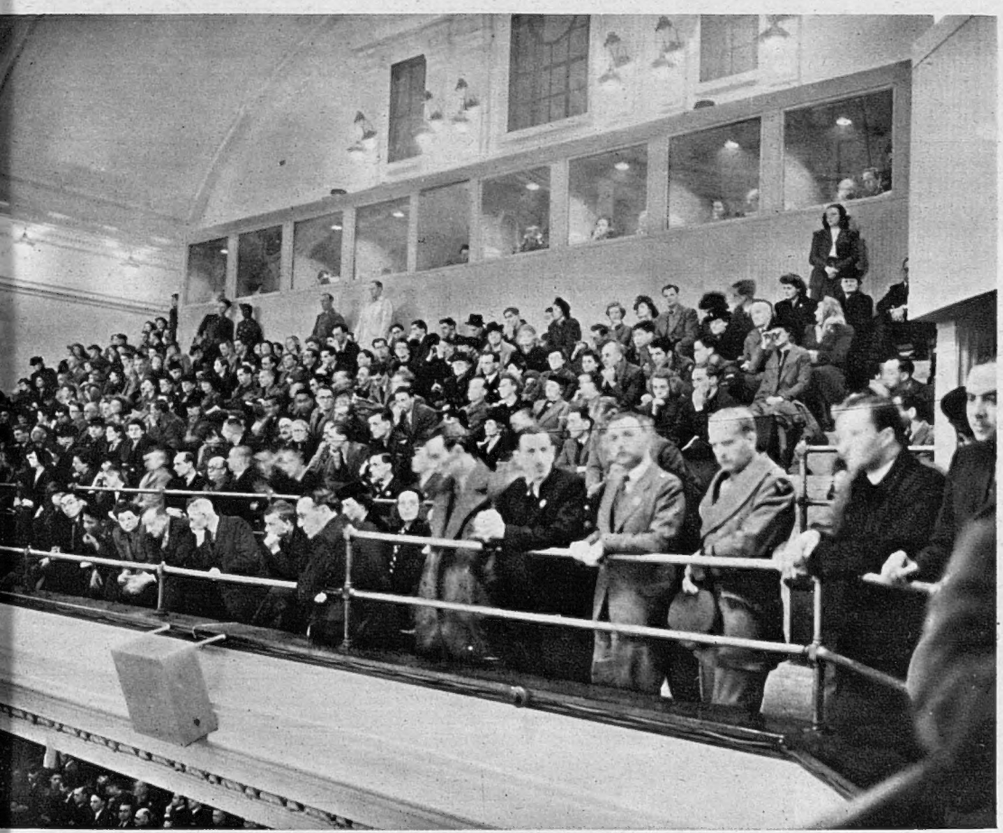
MR. ATTLEE WELCOMES THE U.N.O. DELEGATES: BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER DELIVERS A KEYNOTE SPEECH: This was the impressive scene at Central Hall as the Premier addressed the 600 or more delegates of fifty-one nations, welcoming them to the first General Assembly of the United Nations exactly twenty-six years after the foundation of the old League. Seated in the centre of the rostrum behind him was Dr. Zuleta Angel, of Colombia, Chairman of the Preparatory Commission, who was later in the day to give place to M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister and newly-elected President of the Assembly

BELGIUM'S FOREIGN MINISTER TAKES THE CHAIR AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS: Mr. Gladwin Jebb (U.N.O.'s Executive Secretary) and Mr. A. Cordier bow their respects as M. Spaak assumes his place on the rostrum. M. Spaak was elected to the Presidency after a close ballot, receiving twenty-eight votes to the twenty-three cast for M. Trygve Lie, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, whose election was supported by the Soviet delegation



IT IS FOR THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD, THROUGH THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, TO MAKE THEIR CHOICE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH": Mr. Clement Attlee, Britain's Prime Minister, sounds a note of warning as he makes his address of welcome to the assembled delegates in Central Hall. Facing him in the front row are the delegations of Turkey, Syria, Soviet Russia, Saudi Arabia and Poland

MR. BEVIN AND MR. ATTLEE AT CENTRAL HALL: Britain's Foreign Minister and the Prime Minister pictured together in Row 4, where the United Kingdom delegation sat next to the United States representatives



THE CROWDED PUBLIC GALLERY AT CENTRAL HALL, which was filled within a few minutes of the doors being opened: In the background, totally enclosed in nine separate glass-fronted, sound-proof cubicles, radio commentators from various countries gave minute-by-minute impressions of the scene before them and of the dramatic moment when the declaration of the first ballot was declared in favour of M. Spaak. In addition to the Public Gallery, another part of the hall was set aside for Distinguished Visitors

SOVIET DELEGATES IN EARNEST CONVERSATION: Mr. Vassili Kuznetzov, Chairman of the Central Council of Trade Unions, talking with Mr. Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It was they who urged Mr. Lie's claims to the Presidency of the Assembly

GERMAN RE-EDUCATION REQUIRES RE-DIRECTION

Is it Too Late to Train the People, Young and Old, to Think and Reason in Other Than the Nazi Way? By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE vast amount of writing and talking about German re-education that we heard at one time has dried up considerably. But we have now been nearly nine months masters of the Germans in their country and an answer to the question: "How far have we got with re-educating them?" is overdue. Let the following letter from a friend at Nuremberg set the ball rolling as the most up-to-date report:

"If the attitude of the Germans to the trial here be any criterion, what you told me before I left London—that you thought we were drawing a blank over re-educating them—looks to be about the fact. Whatever these frightful revelations are doing to the rest of the world, up to 90 per cent. of Germans are taking no interest in them. Worse, an increasing number tell you it's a put-up job—they can be more impertinent in this American Zone. Some even have the impudence to say that what their leaders did they had a right to do, as they tried to advance German interests.

"You only have to watch how they fold their newspapers so as not to see the account of the trial, which, anyway, is much too small. As for their learning anything from the radio, not one German in fifty listens-in, so I'm told. Either they've been separated from their sets, or they won't dream of using rationed electricity that can be used for cooking and warmth. It may be different in other parts, but on the hectic spot these people appear to be saying 'So what?' They rebut all guilt as far as they themselves are concerned, and it is becoming as much as you can expect to hear them dismiss 'those poor boobs in court' as a collection of failures in whom they are no longer interested."

I first came up with this re-education business when my Wehrmacht driver from Gleiwitz, Silesia, used to cackle on for hours on end. He simply wallowed in being able to talk, and the slightest steering would start him off afresh. He never once volunteered anything in the line of "I'm sorry," or that Germany was wrong—far less evil. When one told him of the state the liberated countries were left in, or why Europe was suffering so direly, he would come in with remarks like, "Yes, but Germany has suffered terribly too—*mein Gott*, you should have seen the Russian Front!"

Did I make any impression? I'll bet not! There wasn't a suggestion of sincerity when he would vouchsafe sops such as "Yes, we have to thank those crazy Nazis for all this" (the ruins of Hanover), or "We must have no more war." Because a constant effort of Gleiwitz Fritz was to pour vilest language on the Russians while expressing the conviction that the British and Americans would have to fight them. That was his pet line with me, and one detected unmistakably that this thirty-year-old father of a family who sighed to rejoin his own in the forbidden Russian Zone would not need twice whistling for, for a new war.

Here is another close-up of re-education: a conference of German school-teachers at lovely old Luneburg—men and women, mind you, who had been hand-picked by us to take the place of hopelessly Nazified predecessors. I can give only two examples, but they should register. A Doktor Tierbach read a paper, the gist of which was that Germany lost because she had lacked knowledge of the strength and resources of her enemies and that she must make good the flaw. He got round the Nazis by never once mentioning them, and finished vehemently that German people were not one bit worse than others.

But better—or worse—was to follow. Up got a Professor Zyllman to say that the Belsen tribunal along the street was "a show trial," and that the Allies must bear in mind that besides Nazis there was a second Germany that had suffered more than any nation in the world. I would remind you that these are the best kind of people we can find to teach young Germany.

The plain truth is that all Germans have been living in a totally different world to ours and that the barest sprinkling among Socialists, Communists and Trade Unionists chiefly have the faintest sense of our feeling towards Hitler and company for what they did. It looks as if we took the wrong turning at the start by putting all the accent on the guilt of the Nazis. Germans as a whole at once seized upon this as a raft on which to ride in a sea of innocence.

No better indication of the loophole we gave them could be instanced than the rising and falling of interest they betray in ratio to the scope and extent of our punitive intentions. As long as Germans feel we are only going to prosecute the top layer of Nazis, they banish the whole business from their minds. When they feel that our dragnet may make a wider sweep, they tend to sit up and even put on the slightest contrition act, or what goes for it: a temporary, low meekness.

Should we not have drawn them up in every public place, big and small, throughout our Zone, and told them in clipped and rasping militareeze: "You're all in this, and don't kid yourselves that you're going to dodge by pointing at the Nazis!" Is it too late, even now? I can understand the Control Commission objecting that it would inject a certain pugnacity to surfacely-calm waters, but a recent article in the official *British Zone Review* displays so clear a streak of doubt about how re-education is going that a reversal of methods may yet impose itself.

GERMANY'S UNWANTED WANDERERS: A pathetic group of displaced persons, dressed in an odd assortment of ragged clothes to keep out the intense cold of winter, wait for the train to take them on their endless journey. The problems of D.P. children, as also of Nazi youth, are pressing in the extreme, and while the struggle to live goes on, any thoughts of education are for the most part set aside

The writer says the first thing "the hard-working, efficient, inflammable, ruthless and war-loving German people" have got to stomach is that they lost the war and are going to be rendered thoroughly incapable of rearmament. I believe they realise this. But, coming to any sense of collective guilt, this official observer scans the scene in vain. Anything like that the Germans put down as "propaganda," and he concludes lamely that we must give time for the facts to speak for themselves—why Germans go short and the reasons underlying the general suffering. With that end in view, "Information Services Control" (our re-education agency) has supervised newspapers, broadcasting, books, films, theatres, operas, and other "live" entertainments, and is now beginning to entrust control of some of these to the nascent political parties.

When I called at Hamburg Radio, to find a Langham Place in miniature newly installed, it was impressed upon me that none but Germans would ever broadcast. Incidentally, a German Brains Trust was to make its bow to these questions: "Is it too soon for political parties?"; "Should women make up?"; "Is mankind stupider or cleverer?"

To come back to our official observer. He says we took an unduly pessimistic view of German youth, and that a great number of young men and women have been overtaken by a great disillusionment. That is well possible, but every source I contacted agreed that the high-school age—say fifteen to nineteen—is in an intractable, vicious frame of mind. In Hamburg itself, least gloomy chance for re-education, a trade union leader, Bebert, told me that it would take a long time even to "drain the poison" from the minds of adolescents of both sexes, who were not only abysmally ignorant, but must first be trained to think and reason. Yet this is the generation that primarily must be turned from its ways which repose on total indifference to people as human beings, amounting in the case of Eastern Europeans to every bit the same withering contempt that the Master Race showed when it sprawled from North Cape to Bayonne.

We concentrated on the kindergarten, or at least the earlier school ages, searching out text-books and teachers. We more or less ignored the high-school age, which is running wild as a result. These youths and girls are floundering in a morass of cynicism and hate. Having been wrenched in earliest days from Family and Church, they have no roots now that Nazi guidance has gone.

Except in the Russian Zone, where they must work and have been allowed their own activities and politics under, of course, closest Communist eye, adolescent Germans have just plain drifted in idleness. That which was their only refuge and authority, the totalitarian State, has been kicked from under them, and you see this Nazi spawn roaming the streets and villages. They are more to heel in the British than the American Zone, yet ours can be impertinent, too, to our easy-going troops. Far too few have gone to work on farms or as apprentices. Nobody does anything in the way of compulsion. Elderly Germans are powerless.

The effect is that girls exchange themselves for commodities given by the troops, and youths steadily slip into demoralisation and muted anarchy. Field-Marshal Montgomery is all for opening clubs, but German adolescence is in no mood for emanations of churches, welfare institutes and Boy Scout movements. No; what these young folk want is not welfare, but a sustained kicking in the pants and scanties, by which I mean an attacking policy towards their confusion, disillusion and not-so-muted hate. They should be compelled to work, and no nonsense.

And when the day's labour was done, I'd have them up for lectures and readings which could devolve into quizzes and debates just as soon as they showed an elementary comprehension of what we intend they shall live by. Older Germans shake their heads and agree that firmness and direction are the only hope, but that they have got to come soon.

As for these elderlies, I see no use in deluging them with handbooks setting forth the Nuremberg trial at length. They wouldn't read them, and, anyway, they count little. But a full account put into child-German could advantageously be prepared for school readings to the under-twelves, because they'd have to listen. Naturally, the more shocking facts could be omitted—though it takes more to shock the spawn of the Nazis than the average child.

More important than a rain of handbooks is the tip to be taken from something Pastor Niemöller has said. "Much more difficult is the question of the prisoners of war, who, on a point of honour and from lack of alternative, cling to Nazism. They must be re-educated when they return to their peoples and their homes." How many fit fighting men have been so returned in the West is not available, but 700,000 ex-Luftwaffe alone have been "demobbed" in our Zone, where the average fellow swiftly abandons all effort to comprehend democracy or anything else coming from us.

It is time for regular parades of demobbed Wehrmacht, in work hours and after, when they should be told through loudspeakers and in plainest English exactly what we think, not of the Nazis, but of what all Germans visited on the world. That's what they'd have done with our wage- and salary-earners over and over, and there are occasions when to copy the Nazi is the best way—with Germans. If we wait until they're less lean, they'll never listen at all. If they boo and catcall like they do at our football teams, they should have their rations docked.

A TARGET FOR TERRORISTS—JERUSALEM'S WRECKED POLICE HEADQUARTERS: How one side of the building was torn away after terrorists had hurled sticks of gelignite through a window, an outrage that marred the close of the old year and coincided with similar destruction in Jaffa, Tel-Aviv, and other centres. The two senior police officers of Palestine barely escaped with their lives

JEWISH TERRORIST work in JERUSALEM

The Wrecking of the Police Headquarters

Christmas Day passed without untoward incident in the Holy Land, and there was peace, if not good will, among the people of Jerusalem. On December 27, however, there were bomb outrages in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Tel-Aviv: in the first two cities the police headquarters being the main target of the terrorists, and in Tel-Aviv the objective was the Royal Engineers' Armoury.

In Jerusalem the explosions occurred soon after 7 p.m. Sirens were sounded, all traffic was stopped, and armoured cars patrolled the city. The attack on the Jerusalem Police Headquarters was made, it appears, with sticks of gelignite which destroyed a large part of the building. The attackers were armed with tommy-guns, and subsequently took part in a running fight with British troops in Princess Mary Street. The exact motive for the outrage was not clear, but it may possibly have been regarded as revenge against the recent deportations of fifty-five young Jews to Eritrea.

WHERE ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT SMITH WAS KILLED: The wrecked ground-floor office of the Jerusalem Police Headquarters, following the bomb outrage on December 27, when several police and Basuto guards lost their lives. At least seven bombs exploded in Jerusalem during the evening

THE START OF A GREAT ROUND-UP: A scene in one of the main streets of Jerusalem an hour after the bomb outrage on the police headquarters, when troops and police were posted at every intersection and an intensive check made upon the identity of all persons. A curfew was later imposed, and many arrests were made in house-to-house searches

1895-1945—PARISIANS CELEBRATE THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CINEMA : Members of the film trade marching down the Champs Elysées, bearing aloft a banner appropriate to the occasion, during the celebrations on December 28 to mark the first public showing of a movie in Paris, exactly fifty years previously. Later, a plaque was unveiled to pioneers of the French cinema

A NOVEL UNVEILING IN THE BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES : One man stands on the platform, and another, on his shoulder, reaches up to unveil the plaque commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the cinema in Paris. It was in this very café that Parisians saw their first film

It was only fitting that Paris should celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the cinema, for it was as long ago as 1883 that the Parisian, E. J. Marey, established a studio for investigating the motion of animals by employing batteries of cameras, and seven years later it was he who first saw the full possibilities of the celluloid roll film. To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the first public film-showing, there was a big attendance at the parade through the city and also at the unveiling of the commemorative plaque at 14, Boulevard des Capucines. In the evening, at the Maison de la Chimie, some of the first Lumière and Pathé films were shown, and prominent personalities in the motion-picture industry delivered speeches

KEEPING A WATCH IN SINGAPORE'S PETTICOAT LANE : R.A.F. police patrols mingling with shoppers in the native bazaar district, where they are always on the look-out for war criminals and other wanted persons still at large following the Japanese capitulation. Throughout Malaya the R.A.F. police are co-operating on a nation-wide network to restore law and order and assist in the work of rehabilitation. Working with the Army and civilian police organisations, one of their most important commitments has been tracing and apprehending collaborators with the Japanese—a task demanding patience and skill in sifting the wealth of detail contained in their reports. Side by side with these activities has been the stamping-out of racketeering, looting, and misdirection of troop rations. By organised raids, the R.A.F. police have been able to recover literally millions of cigarettes which were being sold to Black Market operators. As a result of the good work they have done since the Allies returned to Malaya, fifty-five Japanese and Korean war criminals are awaiting trial in the Outram Road Prison in Singapore, where Australian and British prisoners of war were executed less than a month before V-J Day

NEWS-PICTURES FROM EUROPE AND THE EAST

France Has a Film Anniversary ; Burma Re-opens a Railway ; Tracking War Criminals in Singapore

NAZI GOLD LEAVES MADRID : An American soldier taking on board a United States transport plane at Barajas Airport, Madrid, bags of coin which formerly belonged to Germans in Spain. In all it is valued at £250,000, and it has now been flown to Frankfort and turned over to the Allied Control Council

MAJOR-GENERAL SYMES REOPENS THE RANGOON-MANDALAY RAILWAY : The Acting G.O.C., Burma Command, unveiling the plaque at Toungoo Station to commemorate the reconstruction of the line and the running of the first train

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY : Major-General Symes awaits the starting signal when about to drive the first five miles of the journey to mark the reopening of the Rangoon-Mandalay railway which has not been in full operation since the fall of Burma in the early days of the war. Before leaving Rangoon the G.O.C., as shown in the top picture, unveiled a commemorative tablet and also conversed with members of the guard of honour, men drawn from the various Engineer detachments which played the main part in restoring this vital transport link in Burma

A YOUNG PRETENDER AT THE WINTER SPORTS : Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, and claimant to the throne of Spain, pictured leaving a ski shop at Gstaad, Switzerland, before setting out for a day on the higher slopes. While he has been holidaying in the Alps the late King Alfonso's son has been the subject of a host of rumours, one of which was that he would break his holiday to go to Lausanne to meet an emissary of Franco

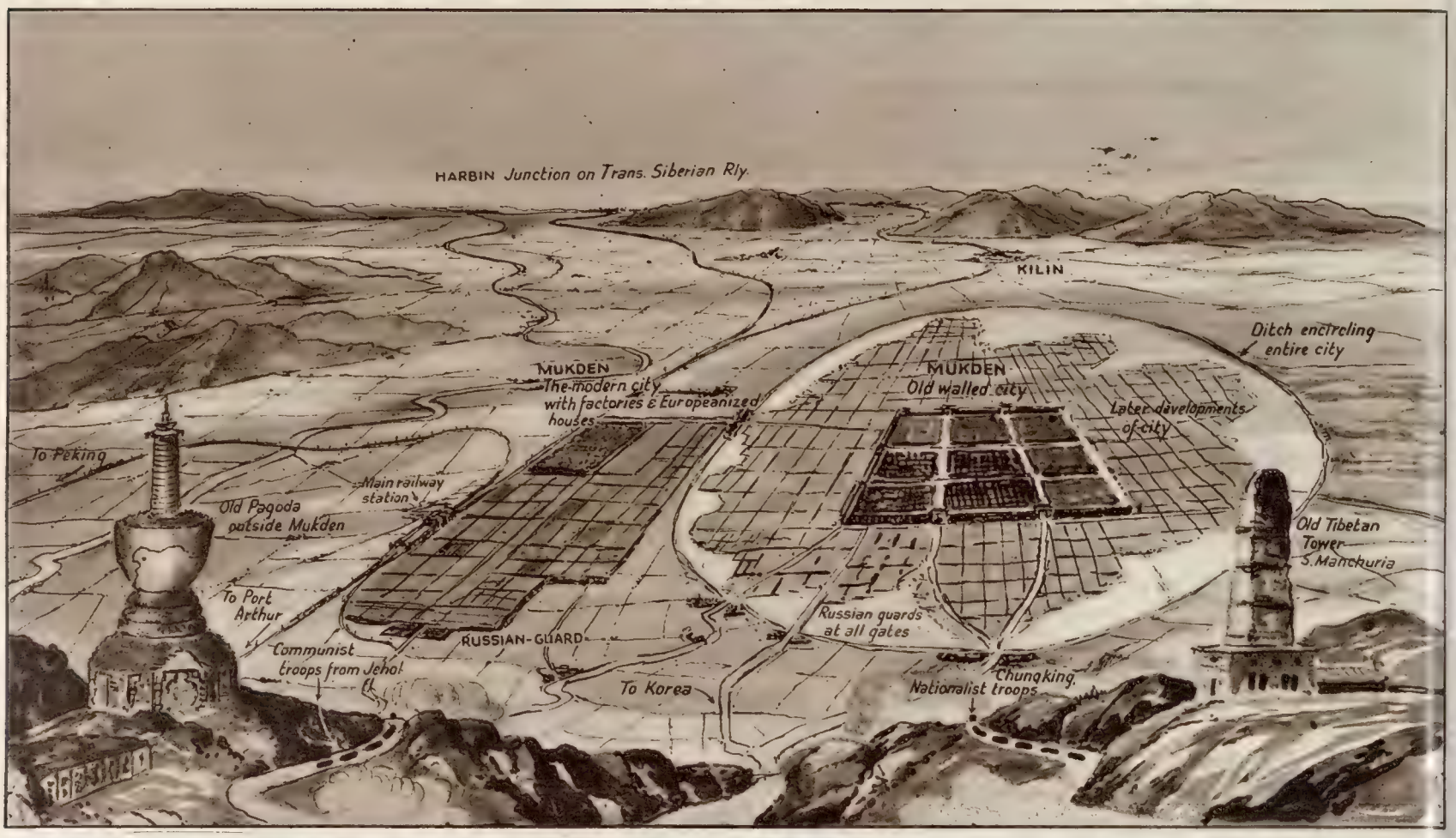
PARISIAN BRIDE : Elizabeth, daughter of General de Gaulle, pictured with the bridegroom, Major Alain de Boissieu, and attendants after their marriage in the convent church of Notre Dame de Sion. The bride's wedding veil was 20 yards long, and all the girls who worked on the gown had, according to custom, woven strands of their own hair into the hem to bring good luck. Major de Boissieu is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and holder of the Croix de Guerre, with Six Palms

PAULE GILLOU CONFESSES AT THE SCENE OF HER CRIME : A twenty-six-year-old Bordeaux girl explains to the French police how she obtained the arsenic and administered it to the entire family of Dr. Albert Ferlut, of Vendays. The case has been arousing intense interest in France owing to its many dramatic details. Suspicion at first fell on Paule's sister, Armande, but Paule finally confessed that Dr. Ferlut was her former lover and the father of her unborn child. She worked in the chemist's shop owned by the doctor, and there she obtained the arsenic which she gave in gradually increasing doses to him and to his parents. The whole population of Vendays assisted in the reconstruction of the crime

A PARIS JOURNALIST GETS HARD LABOUR FOR LIFE : M. Guy Bunau-Verilla, former political editor of "Le Matin," discusses the question of appeal with his counsel after being sentenced at the end of a two-day trial at the Paris Court of Justice. Bunau-Verilla is a son of a former owner of *Le Matin*, and it was through his influence that the paper became one of the most strongly collaborationist in France. He is reported to have received 33,000,000 francs from the Germans

D.P.'s OF THE RACING WORLD : French brood mares, captured by the Germans and transported during the war to Munich, pictured on arrival back at Chantilly, headquarters of French racing. Altogether 118 horses have so far been sent back to France from the American Occupation Zone, sixty-nine from the Munich area and forty-nine from Altefeld. On the whole the animals were in very good condition, which was little wonder as many of them represent the cream of French bloodstock valued at millions of francs

HOLLAND IN WINTER'S GRIP : Hacking out the ice round a canal boat in order to free it from the dangerous pressure. A scene in the vast marshes of the Biesboch, round Dordrecht, where in normal times there is a steady traffic plying up and down the numerous canals. Now all transport is immobilised, and the inhabitants have to rely on the ice for communications between isolated farmhouses. The man on the left carries an ice-hook, and with this he probes for weak spots as he makes his way from place to place. This first post-war winter is, as expected, proving a great ordeal for the whole Continent, and frost, snow and ice are naturally tending to enhance the general difficulties



WHERE RUSSIA STANDS ON GUARD—THE OLD WALLED MANCHU CITY OF MUKDEN : As a result of the Moscow Conference, Russia now has a definite role in the regulation of Far Eastern affairs, but she has agreed to withdraw from Manchuria on February 1—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Efforts within China to resolve the differences between Nationalist and Communist armed forces brought into prominence the famous Manchu capital of Mukden. There, while the internal dispute in China waxed and waned, Russia stood on guard, as it were, at the very gate of the much-desired territory of Manchuria. Originally the city was a compact walled enclosure, and to-day one may wander along the walls in a seemingly ancient world. But outside the eight gateways, two on each of the old city's four faces, there stretch wide extensions of closely-built-up areas, for some decades ago the city was bursting its bounds. This area of Mukden is surrounded by a circular ditch. Alongside it, on the west, is the new, modern Mukden, to which Japan made additions during her occupation of Manchukuo. This new city, with its factories and Europeanised buildings, is oblong in general form. It is flanked by the big railway station from which one can journey to Peiping, to Seoul and Yusan, port in Korea to the south, and northward to Kilin and Harbin, the junction station on the Trans-Siberian railway. Hills flank this wealth-producing area to west and east

TWO COUNTRIES WHERE RUSSIAN INTERESTS ARE INVOLVED— KOREA and PERSIA

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

Both the Communists and the Chinese Government have been greatly impressed by President Truman's statement of American policy in China, his desire to see peace and order established there, and the Government broadened to include representative parties. China wishes to be regarded as a Great Power and to take her place among the Big Five dealing with the vital matters now facing those who have to bring about peace settlements. But it is not enough for China to be a huge nation: she must have settled conditions in her own land. Civil war between the Communists and the Chungking Government has been maintained ever since the surrender of the Japanese. It is now officially stated that an agreement has been reached for the cessation of hostilities.

The conditions in Manchuria are still unsatisfactory. The Russians are still there, holding Mukden, outside which the Chinese forces have been waiting for some weeks, not having received permission to enter. They have, however, at last occupied Dairan (the free port established as such under the Sino-Soviet Treaty), and Changchun, which was formally taken over at the end of December. The Russian forces are now stated to be all leaving before February 1.

In spite of their readiness to agree to the "Cease Fire" truce, the Communists have definitely stated that they will resist any attack on Jehol, which has been their guerilla base since 1940. Jehol had been part of China till Japan seized it and united it with the puppet State of Manchukuo.

A STATE OF STRAIN IN KOREA : American sentries examining a native tinker's identification papers on the outskirts of a village in South Korea. The Koreans have been clamouring against the recent Moscow decision to exercise a five-year trusteeship over Korea, but last week the situation was reported to be improving—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In Korea, the U.S.S.R. still faces the U.S.A. along a sharply-defined line to the north of Seoul. Japanese control, of course, ceased with the Tokyo capitulation; the reconstituted native Korean Government recognises that attacks on American soldiers, which have occurred, are no answer to the Korean problem, and there has been a tendency to accept the Moscow decision to exercise a five-year trusteeship. In the meantime, winter has descended on this mountainous land—the temperature range is from zero to about 95 deg. The winter season is a very cold one. The little circular thatched huts of the native villages are frequently thickly covered with snow. The rural districts present vivid contrasts with the up-to-date streets of Seoul, not only in the externals of architecture, but in the realms of general culture. Some of the village communities are very primitive. In religion, the villager is usually a Buddhist. The wealthier town classes are chiefly Confucian. Korean native costume is bizarre in the extreme, and, one would have thought, ill-adapted to the climate. The southern half of the country is very fertile and probably wealthier than the northern, held in force by the Soviet Army. Two American soldiers are seen here checking the credentials of a wandering tinker

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SNOW-CAPPED ELBURZ MOUNTAINS—TEHERAN, SCENE OF A CONTINUED POLITICAL CRISIS : A general view of the Persian capital, where the struggle for power has caused many disturbances in recent weeks. The city has had the unpleasant task of receiving military forces which have been turned back by the Russians from the northern provinces—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

BONE OF CONTENTION IN TURKEY : The picturesque Black Sea city of Trebizond, chief port of the 180-mile stretch of Black Sea Coast to which claim has been made in the Russian Press

The claims on large Turkish territories, including the city and seaport of Trebizond, put forward recently by two Georgian professors of history have been given so wide a publicity in Soviet Russia as to create the impression in Turkey, and elsewhere, that they are encouraged in high circles in Moscow. The Turkish Prime Minister, in an Ankara broadcast on January 6, entirely refuted the claims, declaring that the Kars and Ardahan districts had chosen freely and overwhelmingly by plebiscite, during World War I, to be a part of Turkey

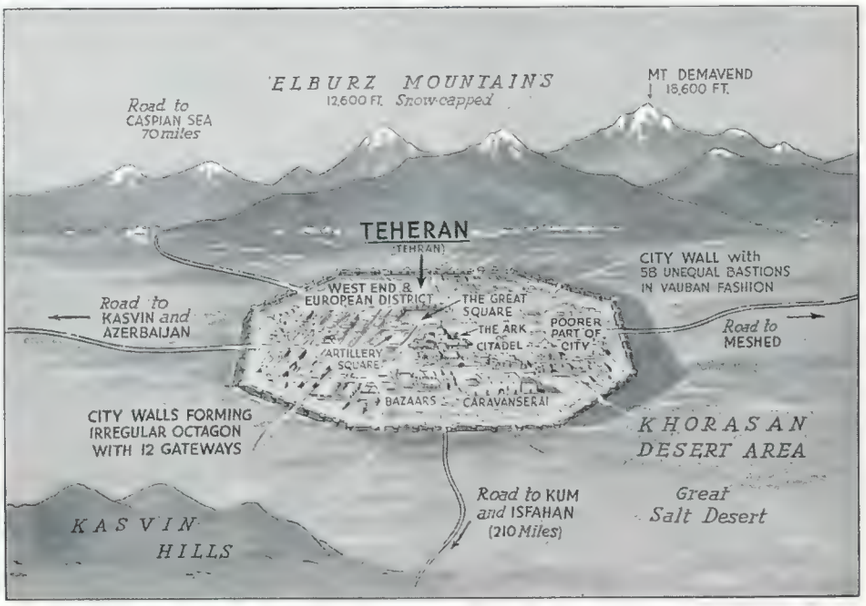
PERSIA'S HOLY CITY : The Great Mosque of Ispahan pictured from the air. Both in Ispahan and Teheran Axis agents abounded during the war years, and it was their disruptive influence that has done so much to make Persia the unstable country she is to-day. In 1722 Ispahan's walls were largely destroyed by the Afghans

"NATIONALISM" in PERSIA

The failure of the Moscow Conference to agree over Persia, while doing little to eclipse the success of the conference, led immediately to a cabinet crisis in Teheran, and the Government of M. Ibrahim Hakimi, which had come under strong criticism from all parties, tended at the start of the New Year to lose favour. Every issue in Persia is complicated by the instability and lack of authority of the Central Government, and this in part has been aggravated by three years of occupation by Allied Nations.

The crux of the present situation is that the Soviet Government regard the Teheran Government—not without some reason—as being dependent primarily on British and American backing, while the British and American Governments—perhaps with still greater reason—suspect the new autonomous authority established in Persian Azerbaijan.

A renewal of frank discussions between London and Moscow would appear to be a vital necessity, and certain it is that Persia, torn as she is, cannot bring order and cohesion of her own will.



THE OLD WALLED CITY OF TEHERAN : Another view of the Persian capital, showing the West End and European District, the Great Square, and the bazaars and caravanserai

Teheran stands in the midst of a fertile plain, about 70 miles south of the Caspian. With an area of 7½ miles, it is girt about with bastioned walls, pierced by twelve gates, and in its Ark, or Citadel, is the royal palace. Teheran has little to distinguish it in general outward appearance from other cities of Persia, though in recent years many broad and straight streets and many buildings of Western architecture have made their appearance. Wrote Lord Curzon: "We are in a city which was born and nurtured in the East but is beginning to clothe itself at a West End tailor's." Most of the innovations are to be seen in the northern part of the town where the Europeans and many well-to-do Persians have their homes. In the neighbourhood of the Ark is the famous Artillery Square and the great Maidan, or military parade ground

THE KIDNAPPING OF DUTCH CHILDREN : A vile aspect of the civil strife in Indonesia, where eleven boys and girls—all Dutch—have been taken from their parents—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The kidnapping of children in the Bandoeng area of Indonesia is an aspect of the civil struggle in the Netherlands Indies that has naturally horrified public opinion in Holland, and in large measure hardened Dutch opinion against the Javanese. Actually there has never been a Government in Holland more sympathetic to Indonesian aspirations than the present one; but such happenings as the kidnapping of Dutch children can only lead to embitterment. During the past fortnight Dr. van Mook has been in Amsterdam and London, and he now returns to Batavia fully informed on the limits of the Dutch Government's willingness to grant a new status to Indonesia. During his meeting with Mr. Attlee at Chequers, a meeting also attended by the Dutch Premier, Dr. van Mook is said to have recalled Queen Wilhelmina's pledge of 1942: A new policy for the Empire, a Commonwealth composed of the homeland, Indonesia, Surinam and Curaçao. He urged that now was the time to set up such a Commonwealth, though full Indonesian self-government was at the moment out of the question

Countries Where British Forces are Involved

INDONESIA and PALESTINE

THE UBIQUITOUS DR. VAN MOOK : The Lieut.-Governor-General of the Netherlands Indies holding a Press conference at his Batavia residence, following his talks with Lord Louis Mountbatten in Singapore. Last week he arrived in London for the Indonesia discussions with the British Government

DUTCH INTERNEES REACH SOUTHAMPTON : Men, women and children who have been through the double ordeal of Japanese occupation in Indonesia and subsequent civil strife pictured on arrival at Southampton in the 36,000-ton Holland-Amerika liner *New Amsterdam*. There they were transferred to a smaller vessel—one capable of passing the Antwerp harbour obstructions—and in due course arrived in Holland. The succouring and bringing to safety of the large number of Dutch people in Javanese internment camps has been one of the principal factors embittering the civil war in Indonesia. It is rightly felt that there is not a moment to be lost in securing the rehabilitation of these people, who have suffered such humiliations at the hands of the Japanese

R.A.F. TRANSPORT COMMAND ACHIEVES BIG THINGS IN JAVA : Flight-Sergeants Huckins and Allandale, of No. 31 Squadron, share their chocolate ration with young Dutch internees before taking them to Batavia en route for Europe. No. 31 Squadron, which flies Dakota aircraft, has transported over 14,000 passengers in Java since the end of September, taking troops to the scene of civil strife and returning with Dutch internees who have suffered in the Japanese concentration camps. While the political situation in Java has called for the exercise of a special brand of tact and subtlety, the people of Holland, as a whole, have viewed the plight of the internees as infinitely more vital, and, with British co-operation, wonders have already been accomplished

***Above*—BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS IN JERUSALEM: Troops deploying round the entrance to the Citadel on arrival to deal with the latest disturbances, which included determined attacks on police headquarters. The Citadel provides a wide, sweeping view of the city, constituting an admirable vantage-point**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

VIOLENCE in JERUSALEM

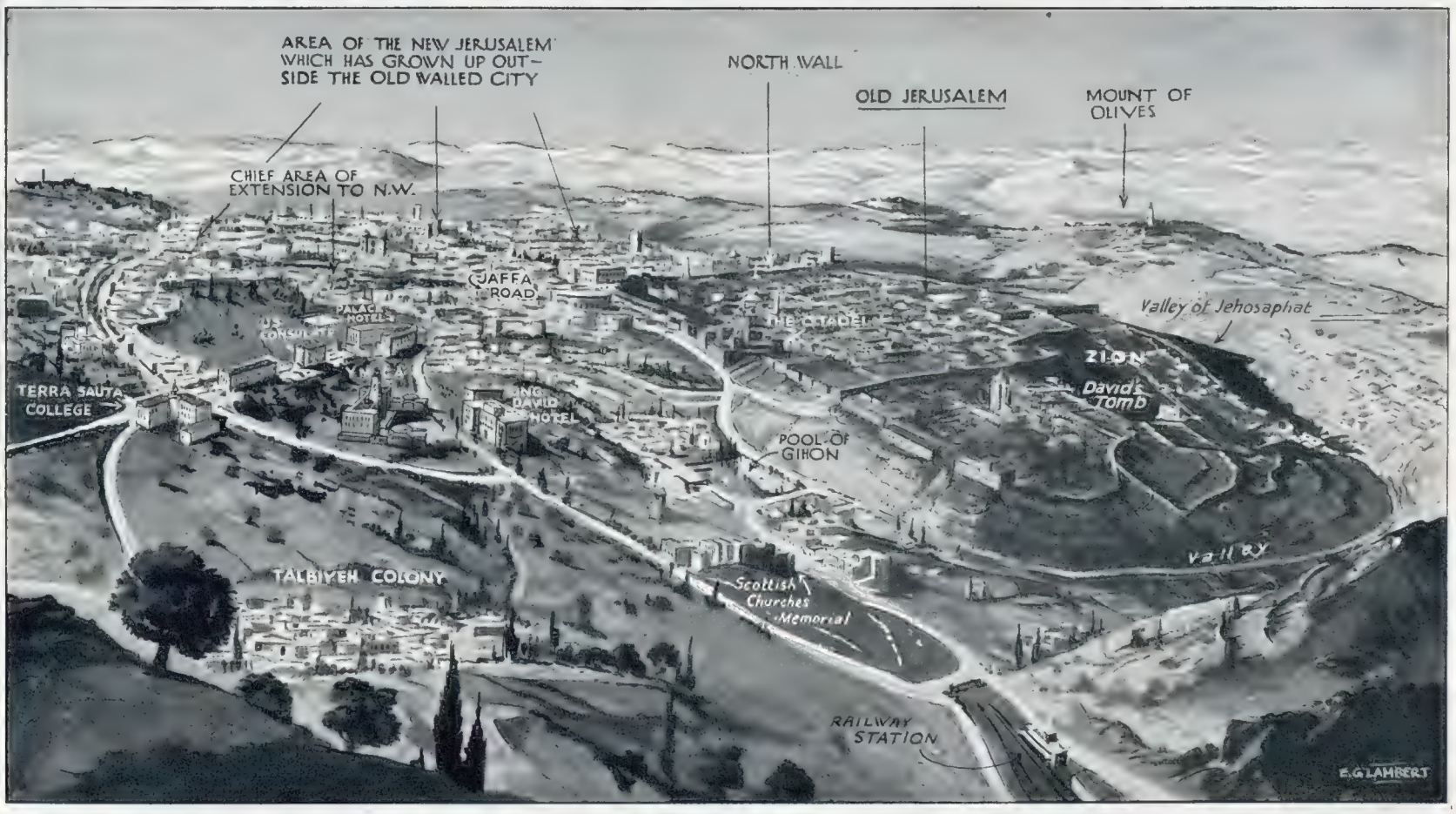
With bomb outrages and other outbreaks of violence in Palestine at the close of the old year, British reinforcements were rushed into Jerusalem, Jaffa and Tel-Aviv, a curfew was imposed, and the usual rigorous house-to-house searches instituted.

It was a bad end to 1945 in the troubled Holy Land, and, although the Jerusalem curfew has since been lifted, the Jewish population is reported very restless as a result of the sanctions imposed on them.

The attack on the police headquarters in Jerusalem is thought to have been the work of the extremists, not the National Defence organisation Haganah.

Meanwhile, on January 5 in Washington, the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Jewish immigration into Palestine prepared to start its deliberations in an atmosphere rendered additionally trying through the sensation caused by the alleged statements of Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan, the U.N.R.R.A. chief in Germany.

***Below*—JERUSALEM NEW AND OLD: A panoramic view of the Holy City where police and military have carried out a complete house-to-house search since the recent new disturbances. As a result, on January 5 the curfew was again lifted.** The old Jerusalem is on the right, but it is in the area on the left (the north-west) where the chief building development has taken place of recent years
—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



A LIFEBOAT HUNTS FOR A PLANE—THE PROUD RECORD OF THE "CHARLES DIBDEN": The Walmer lifeboat battling with mountainous seas in a December gale after coastguards on the cliffs had twice reported distress flares believed to be from a plane in the Goodwin Sands area. Following a three-hour search the lifeboat returned, having found no wreckage. The "Charles Dibden" has put out repeatedly of recent months and has a wonderful record of service—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

STORIES OF THE SEA

The Good Samaritan of the Goodwins: H.M.S. "Howe" in Home Waters: Thrills of the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race

Since the end of the war in Europe, Walmer has been the busiest lifeboat station on the coasts of the British Isles, and between May 8 and December 5, 1945, the *Charles Dibden* was actually launched twenty-two times, repeatedly doing magnificent service, particularly on behalf of the Liberty ship *Leland Stanford*, which went aground off the Goodwins on November 24, and the *André Thomé*, which she assisted in the heaviest of gales.

Just before Christmas the *Charles Dibden* was in action again, searching for a plane believed to have been wrecked on the Goodwins. During their three-hour hunt the crew had to battle against huge seas and violent rain-squalls. Walls of water, described by Coxswain Fred Upton as "like cliffs," were all the time breaking across the Goodwins.

The *Charles Dibden* is a 41-ft. boat, weighing 16½ tons, of the beach type, a type specially designed for stations where conditions at sea require a fairly large and heavy boat, but where she has to be of such shape and weight that she can be launched off the beach on skids or launching-way.

THE ROYAL YACHT IS READY FOR PEACETIME ACTION: The "Victoria and Albert" at Portsmouth after her post-war refit. Battle-grey has given place to a black hull with gilt waistline and bright yellow funnels, while special cabins have been decorated and furnished for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. The Royal yacht is now approaching the half-century, having been built in 1899 as Queen Victoria's reign came to a close. During the last war she was used as a gunnery training ship, but it is expected that she will soon be lying at her special buoy in the roadstead at Cowes, ready for the glories of the first summer of peace

H.M.S. "HOWE" COMES HOME AT THE END OF NEARLY 90,000 MILES ON WAR SERVICE: The great battleship of the King George V class steaming into Portsmouth, where she was welcomed after nineteen months on foreign service

Although a heavy gale was blowing, a large crowd of wives, many with children in arms, and other relatives of officers and men, gathered on January 9 on the south railway jetty at Portsmouth to welcome home H.M.S. *Howe*, after nineteen months on foreign service, in the course of which she has covered 89,947 miles. It was the first time the *Howe* had visited Portsmouth, her home port, as it would have been dangerous during the war years to risk her so near to enemy bomber bases. Since she was first commissioned on June 1, 1942, the *Howe* has served in the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, and she was for a spell the flagship of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser

THE CUTTER "RANI" EMERGES FROM THE BLUE TO WIN AN OCEAN MARATHON: The little vessel and her crew seen on arrival at Hobart in the early hours of January 2, when, having been lost for five days, she turned up and was declared winner of the Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race. The *Rani* even eluded aerial search-parties, and was completely out of touch for the greater part of the 650-mile journey, during which she had to fight a heavy southerly gale. Sails were ripped and at one hectic period her helmsman had to be lashed to the flooded cockpit. The names of her crew, reading from the left, are: Lieut. Richmond, R.N., Captain K. Vaughan, A.I.F., Mr. G. Colohan, Captain J. H. Illingworth, R.N. (owner-skipper), Lieut. Haggard, R.N., Mr. N. O. Hudson (Mate), and Lieut.-Commander Hodgson, R.N.

THIS IS A GUINEA-PIG SHIP: The s.s. "Pratt Victory," one of the three battered but still useful vessels, forming the so-called Guinea-pig Squadron, which the Americans are using in order to make quite sure of the safety of mined Japanese waters. Most of the mines round Japan are self-neutralising, but only actual contact with them proves that they are no longer a menace. The ships are each manned by a skeleton crew of twenty-two and fitted with an ingenious remote-control system, so that as they plough through the old minefields all hands are on deck and ready to jump for their lives at a moment's notice. Up to now the ships have gone unscathed

HEADING SOUTH WITH A FAIR WIND: The 51-ft. Tasmanian cutter "Winston Churchill," pictured from an R.A.A.F. Catalina as she neared Hobart on December 31, towards the end of the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race. At this time the *Winston Churchill* was thought to be leading in the race, but the *Rani* came up from an unexpected quarter and gained the first prize

***On left*—NATURE DOES HER WORST: The United States aircraft-carrier "Wasp," homeward bound from Europe with 5,600 soldiers on board, pictured at Staten Island following a hazardous Atlantic crossing in which her flight-deck was crumpled by heavy seas. During the voyage, and at the height of a terrific gale, a great mass of water crashed down vertically on her comparatively light structure.** This type of damage is by no means rare in aircraft-carriers, and almost exactly the same thing happened to the *Hornet* in Pacific waters last summer when, after fourteen months of warfare against the Japanese, she was hit by a typhoon, the water being sucked up vertically by the vortex and descending with shattering force on the projecting bow end of the flight-deck. Other casualties in the Atlantic during the December storms were the battleship *Washington*, carrying 1,600 troops, and the carrier *Enterprise*, with 5,000 troops, both of which had battered superstructures Captain Francis X. McInerney the *Washington's* commander, declared that they had passed through "the worst storms I have experienced in twenty-six years at sea . . ."

"THE LOVE LETTER": This is one of the authentic works of Vermeer, typifying his brilliant portrayal of the Dutch domestic scene. It was included in the famous 1696 sale

OUR OWN MASTERPIECE: "The Lady at the Virginals" is another undoubted Vermeer, having been in the 1696 sale, and is now in the National Gallery, London.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE FORGED VERMEERS

How Hans van Meegeren Astounded the Art World with His Sensational Fakes

—A Special Sphere Section

Vermeer, whose pictures sold in shillings in his lifetime and even then could find few purchasers unless they were fraudulently listed under the names of de Hooch, Metsu, or Nicholas Maes, is to-day the victim of one of the most brilliant fakes and what is undoubtedly one of the greatest art frauds of all time.

The story begins in 1936, when it was announced from Holland that a Dutch family living in Paris in modest circumstances had been astounded by the discovery that an old picture which had lain unframed in their linen cupboard "for many years" was a masterpiece by the seventeenth-century painter Vermeer, worth more than £60,000.

Dr. Bredius, the Dutch art expert to whom the picture was sent, is stated to have recognised the picture, which represents Christ and His disciples at Emmaus, as a genuine Vermeer, and to have discovered Vermeer's signature in a corner under a thick coating of varnish.

The art world was agog with the news, and it was only a matter of weeks before three prominent Rotterdam business men bought the painting for £62,000 and presented it to Rotterdam's Boymans Museum, where the Dutch public flocked to see it during the summer of 1938.

At this time no one seriously doubted the antiquity of the picture, and its authenticity seemed to be securely established.

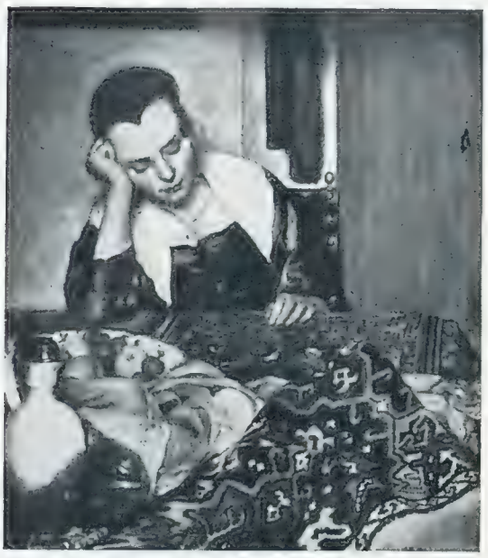
Art critics were loud in their praise of the new Vermeer, and the Dutch public joined in the general enthusiasm.

It was felt that this newly discovered masterpiece gave a new glory to the name of Vermeer, and had greater spiritual qualities than the painter had ever been known to exhibit.

Then in the summer of 1945 came the bombshell. Hans van Meegeren, a suspected Dutch Nazi, was arrested on a charge of collaboration with the enemy, and astonished the world and confounded the art critics by his confession that he had produced a bogus series of seventeenth-century paintings, including the newly-discovered masterpiece of "Christ and His Disciples."

Van Meegeren, who largely practised his art at a studio in Nice, confessed that in all he had made £1,000,000 from his bogus paintings.

Asked if he could repeat the "Christ at Emmaus" if given



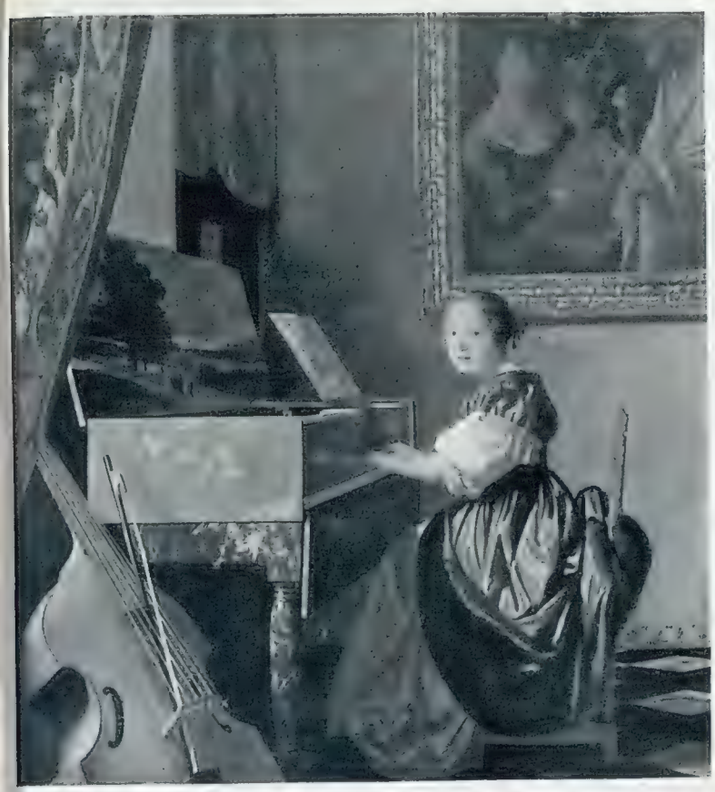
AN AUTHENTIC VERMEER IN AMERICA: This portrait of "A Woman Asleep" is in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Its delicate tones are superbly blended

"THE MILK GIRL": This is another superb Vermeer, the origin of which has never been doubted. It is still in Amsterdam, where in May 1696 it first came up for sale with twenty-one pictures by Vermeer. At the time it raised 175 gulden, the most that any work by Vermeer achieved at public sale

"HEAD OF A GIRL": This beautiful canvas was the surprise of the Midlands Art Treasures Exhibition in 1934. It is attributed to Vermeer, but very little indeed is known of the history of the picture

THE BOYMANS MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM, WHERE THOUSANDS FLOCKED IN 1938 TO SEE THE NEW VERMEER, "CHRIST AT EMMAUS," a picture which is now pronounced to be a fake and to be the work of a fifty-six-year-old Dutch painter, Hans van Meegeren *(see following pages)*. The picture was exhibited in the centre room of the main building on the left

The picture "Christ at Emmaus" was found in a cupboard in a house in Paris, and, having been declared authentic by Dr. Bredius, the art expert, it was bought for £62,000 and presented to the Boymans Museum by three Dutch business men. It was not until last summer that van Meegeren, who was facing trial for pro-Nazi activities, admitted his forgery of the painting, and, indeed, of a whole bogus series of seventeenth-century paintings, including six other Vermeers. Needless to say, this confession has embarrassed the art critics and has also placed the Boymans Museum in a difficult position. (The Meegeren story is told on this and the following pages)



"LADY SEATED AT THE VIRGINALS": This is another music piece, and an authentic Vermeer, which is also in the possession of the National Gallery. Vermeer possessed an exceptional technique, and the fact that it has been imitated so brilliantly makes the frauds of van Meegeren of the deepest interest

"GIRL RECEIVING A LETTER": THE DRESDEN VERMEER, a celebrated picture by the greatest of the "Little Masters." Vermeer had no sense of the dramatic and no dynamic virility, but his calm vision found rare beauty in the Dutch scene. His works brought him neither wealth nor fame in his lifetime, and he died in obscurity in Delft in 1675

opportunity, seventeenth-century canvas and the necessary chemical ingredients, the painter answered: "I can do better. I will paint another 'Vermeer.'"

After two months of work, without models, and in the presence of at least six witnesses representing the court, the public prosecution, the military government, the police and the art world, he painted "Jesus Preaching in the Temple."

On this occasion he did not sign the painting with Vermeer's well-known initials, I.V.M., which happen to be the same as his own, I(ohannes) V(an) M(eegeren).

Art experts consider it a beautiful picture, strictly in accordance with the Vermeer style and containing the famous and costly lapis lazuli, the Vermeer blue, which for centuries was thought lost.

NOT IN THE 1696 SALE: "Portrait of a Young Girl," in the Hague Museum

He also used the red and yellow found in the undoubtedly real "The Milk Girl," but also in the apparently false "Anointment of the Feet," bought during the German occupation for £150,000.

Though it has still to be checked whether a dedication "To my beloved Führer," recently found in a book of his cartoons in Hitler's Chancellery, is a hoax, the painter has so far been cleared of political blame.

Van Meegeren, who is now free, will have to stand trial in May next on a charge of getting money under false pretences. His best defenders will be the art critics, whose ignorance he wanted to expose but whose reputation is now at stake. By proving them wrong, the painter will talk himself into prison.

Now that the political accusations have proved wrong, public opinion in Holland is turning in favour of this "misguided genius."

An American is reported to have offered several million dollars for the seven false Vermeers.

"YOUNG WOMAN PLAYING THE GUITAR": This may be one of the original twenty-one Vermeers sold in 1696. It is now in America and was exhibited in October 1942 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York

THE TRUE VERMEERS

The Thirty-six Undoubted Masterpieces

According to R. H. Wilenski, the noted art critic, not more than thirty-six pictures are now assigned to Vermeer by even the most optimistic scholars. The neglect of his work in the eighteenth century and early-nineteenth century, when he was vaguely confused with the landscape painter Vermeer of Haarlem and with De Hooch, may account in some measure for the shortness of the list. But there is evidence that he did, in fact, produce unusually few pictures, for M. de Monconys, who visited Holland in 1663, relates that he called upon him in Delft and that the artist had no pictures to show him (though he was able to see one in a baker's house). Nearly all the pictures that Vermeer produced seem to have passed into the hands of a painter and art dealer named Jan Coelembier, of Haarlem, who had twenty-six in 1676, and of a printer named J. A. Diddius, of Delft, who left nineteen when he died in 1682. A few seem to have remained the property of Vermeer's widow, who, after his death, pawned "The Painter and His Model" to her mother, and two others, "The Lady Writing a Letter, with Maid," and a "Guitar Player" to a baker, for 617 gulden.

On May 16, 1696, the following twenty-one pictures by Vermeer were sold by auction in Amsterdam in a sale of 134 pictures by various artists:

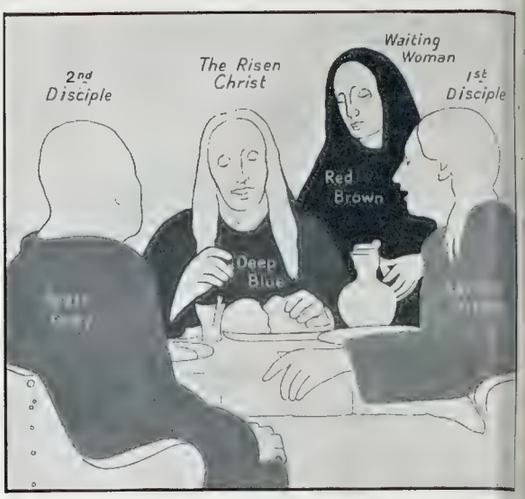
(1) "Young Woman Weighing Gold"—155 gulden
(2) "The Milk Girl"—175 gulden
(3) "Picture of Vermeer in an Interior" (perhaps the Vienna picture pawned by the artist's widow)—45 gulden
(4) "Young Woman Playing the Guitar" (perhaps the picture now in the Huntingdon Collection in New York or the picture of which versions exist in the Johnson Collection in Philadelphia and the Iveagh Collection at Ken Wood. Probably the picture pawned by the artist's widow)—70 gulden
(5) "A Gentleman in an Interior" (present whereabouts unknown)—95 gulden
(6) "Lady and Gentleman at a Clavichord"—30 gulden
(7) "Young Woman Receiving a Letter from her Servant" (the Love Letter, Lady and Maid)—70 gulden
(8) "Drunken Servant Asleep at a Table" (Woman Asleep)—62 gulden
(9) "Merry Company in an Interior" (perhaps "The Procuress")—73 gulden
(10) "A Lady and Gentleman Making Music" (present whereabouts unknown)—81 gulden
(11) "Soldier and Laughing Girl"—44 gulden
(12) "The Lace Maker"—28 gulden
(13) "View of Delft"—200 gulden
(14) "A House at Delft" (present whereabouts unknown)—72 gulden
(15) "View of Some Houses" (perhaps "The Little Street," bought some years ago from the Six Collection by Sir Henry Deterding for £80,000 and presented to the Amsterdam Rijks museum)—48 gulden
(16) "Young Woman Writing" (present whereabouts unknown)—63 gulden
(17) "Young Woman at her Toilet" (the Pearl Necklace)—30 gulden
(18) "Lady at the Virginals"—42 gulden
(19) "A Portrait in Antique Costume" (present whereabouts unknown)—38 gulden
(20) and (21) "Two Pendants"—34 gulden

THE VERMEER FORGERIES

A Misguided Genius and His Masterpieces

(Continued from preceding page)

THE FAKE THAT THE WHOLE WORLD HAILED: "Christ with His Disciples at Emmaus," the picture found in Paris in 1936, bought for Rotterdam Museum as a genuine Vermeer, and now declared to be the work of Hans van Meegeren, a fifty-six-year-old Dutchman



VAN MEEGEREN'S USE OF THE FAMOUS VERMEER PIGMENTS is shown in this colour guide to the faked picture "Christ at Emmaus": Vermeer had a love of deep blues and pale yellows, and in his faked masterpiece van Meegeren reproduced those tones to perfection. The picture was allegedly found in Paris in 1936, and having been pronounced authentic by Dr. Bredius and other art critics, was gifted to the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, where in 1938 thousands of art lovers flocked to admire it

DAWNING ASTONISHMENT at the reappearance of the Saviour is written on the face of one of the disciples: A detail from van Meegeren's "Emmaus" picture, which was for nine years accepted as an authentic Vermeer

VAN MEEGEREN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE: The fifty-six-year-old Dutch artist's picture of "Christ Preaching in the Temple," which he painted in the presence of police witnesses after he had confessed to forging seven of the works of Vermeer. By painting this picture so exactly in the Vermeer manner he proved almost beyond doubt that he was the author of the "Christ at Emmaus"

ENTHRONED IN SOLITARY SPLENDOUR: How the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, displayed the so-called Vermeer masterpiece "Christ at Emmaus" when it was exhibited for the first time in 1938. At that period there could have been few who doubted the authenticity of the work, and the name of van Meegeren had not so much as been whispered in its connection

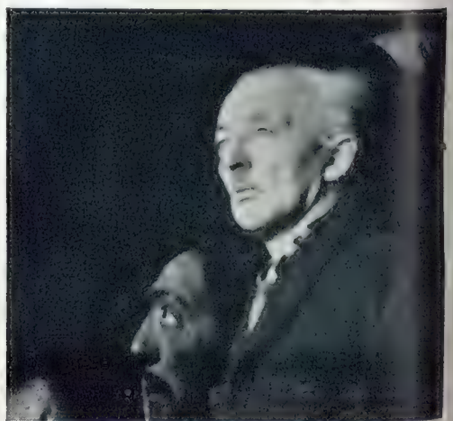
The forgeries of Hans van Meegeren have been so good that few, if any, connoisseurs have questioned their validity. No expert has openly doubted them.

Now they are proved to be forgeries, and there is no doubt that this modern Dutch painter has fooled the greater part of the art world.

When van Meegeren confessed to the forgery of "Christ at Emmaus" his word was not believed, but when he painted "Christ Preaching in the Temple," it seemed certain that all that he had said was true.

Altogether van Meegeren has painted seven Vermeers, one of which he sold at a fat profit to Goering's art buyer, Alois Miedl, and he has made anything between £800,000 and £1,000,000 by his brilliant forgeries.

Van Meegeren only confessed the forgeries, it is believed, to clear himself of grave political charges.



THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: Hans van Meegeren seen at work in the studio where he painted the picture of "Christ Preaching in the Temple" as a proof of his mastery of the Vermeer technique

"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA": The National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, has in keeping this fine religious painting by Vermeer. His use of colour and his choice of colour were meticulous, and it makes it all the more remarkable that the modern painter van Meegeren should in his forgeries have captured with such brilliant insight the magic of the Dutch Master's brush

VERMEER'S TYPE OF FEMALE SITTER: There is a certain type of face to be found in the undoubted Vermeer pictures, particularly those with a proved history going back to the seventeenth or early eighteenth century. Here we have a soft, rounded quietude—there is nothing sharp or angular about these domestic ladies and their servants. It is well to study these Vermeer women. Above is a detail of the woman in the Vermeer picture known as the "Artist in his Studio." It is taken from De Groot's giant folio of Vermeer reproductions—a series of superb photogravure plates. It shows the figure holding a book in the crook of the left arm: the right hand holds a trumpet, a crown of leaves surmounts the head. The face shows the tendency towards the cup-shaped eyelids seen in some "Vermeers." Van Meegeren exaggerated this point

On left—

VERMEER PAINTING "THE LOVE LETTER"

Was it All Done by Mirrors?

In a chapter of great interest to all students of Dutch Art, Mr. R. H. Wilenski, in his volume *An Introduction to Dutch Art*, maintains that old Dutch Masters, particularly Vermeer of Delft and his school, painted indirectly from their models with the aid of mirrors. The diagram (reproduced on the left) takes an actual example, Vermeer's "The Love Letter," and the figure of the artist himself is borrowed from his own self-portrait in the Czernin Collection in Vienna. The complete picture is roughly as seen therein in the mirror, two women supposed to be seen through a doorway. Mr. Wilenski's statement that this is actually a mirror meets the obviously curious points in the composition very adequately, as is demonstrated in the diagram. Indeed, the geometrical tiled floor makes it possible to reconstruct Vermeer's room with accuracy, as inset at the lower right. Further, as explained by the inset, the scale of the reflections would approximate to that of the canvas, and Vermeer could therefore have used squared screens as shown to check his work. There is a record of the painter Gerard Don using the screened reducing-glass shown in addition. Dutch Masters were much intrigued by optical problems and devices, and here is suggested a double-barrelled automatic scaling arrangement. The second mirror adds objects which are actually behind the artist, and the two reflections thus give a kind of "composite" picture.

Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (artist's copyright in the U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere).

—First reproduced in THE SPHERE *on January* 19, 1929.

The DOOMED VILLAGE of PEMBROKESHIRE

And Other Items of Home News

Amroth, a little village of Pembrokeshire, is spoken of in Wales as "the doomed village," for it is in danger of being utterly wiped out by the sea. More than 200 yards of sea-wall have been washed away, and the recent gales have almost finished the defences. Only a few feet remain of a road which ran from the village down to the sea. Many villagers have had narrow escapes from the fury of the waves. Cottages have been abandoned, garden walls flattened and iron railings broken and twisted by the force of the sea.

The worst season is still to come, when the south-westerly gales dominate the Atlantic and the month of March brings the highest tides of the year. It would seem that the village of Amroth can hardly escape utter destruction in the inevitable storms. Amroth lies in Carmarthen Bay, near the borders of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, and it is perhaps the most stormbound stretch of coast in all West Wales, being open to the full fury of the storms driving straight across the Atlantic Ocean. It lies not far from Tenby and Pendine, famed for its beautiful sands.

PEMBROKESHIRE'S DOOMED VILLAGE: The little main street of Amroth which is menaced by the steady incursions of the sea. The high tides in March may possibly prove disastrous to the village this year if gale conditions prevail

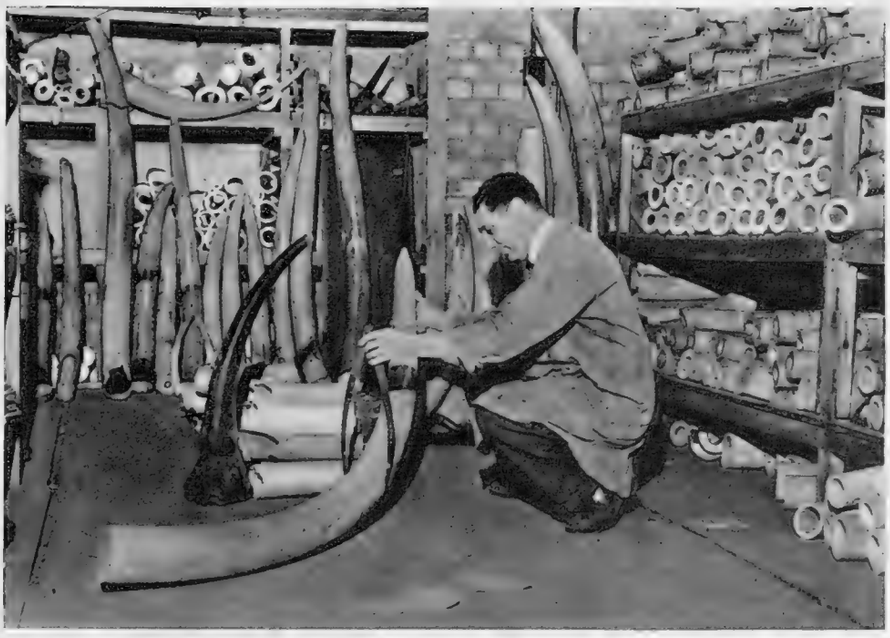
NIGHT SCENE IN AMROTH: Mr. M. R. Raymond and his wife (left) are helped by a neighbour, Mrs. Morris, to build a barricade of stones to protect their garden fence from further damage by the sea. The stones had been hurled across the roadway during a recent high tide. In the background can be seen part of the shattered sea-wall

THE SHATTERED DEFENCES OF AMROTH: Here the destructive force of the waves has shattered the sea-wall in the "doomed" Pembrokeshire village, and the next high tides may bring further destruction. Piles of stones have been washed clear across the roadway

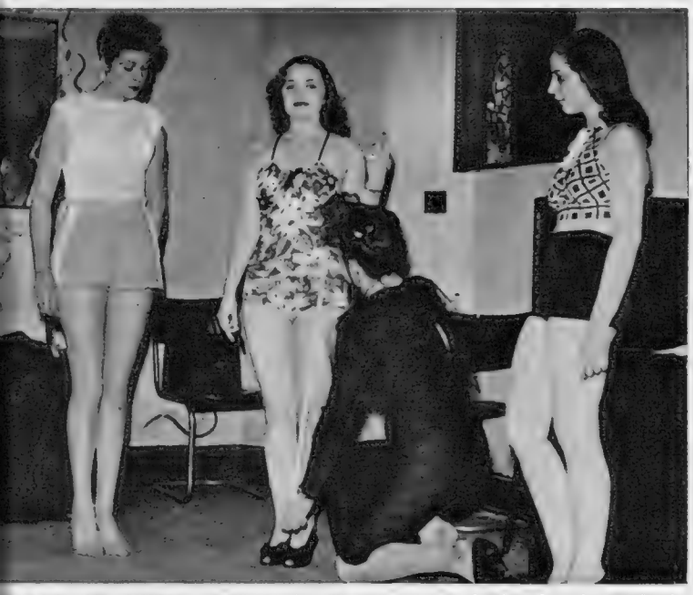
GERMAN PRISONERS HELP PREPARE FOR THE FIRST POST-WAR OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS: Daisy, the head green-keeper's dog, looks on while the Germans tear out the whins from the edge of the Old Course. The "Open," with its record prize-money of £1,000, has not been held since pre-war days, and plans are being carefully laid to ensure the success of the meeting, which takes place in the first week of July. Open avenues are being cut through the overgrown whin belt which divides the Old Course from the New, and this will ensure that spectators will be able to see a maximum of play while providing a minimum of distraction to the players.

HARD GRAFT AT THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT: A German prisoner adds a bunch of the tough whins to the blazing pile on the course at St. Andrews, in preparation for the coming Open Golf Championship. As usual, we are expecting a strong American challenge

OTOR-CYCLES FIGURE LARGELY IN THE GREAT EXPORT DRIVE: Putting the finishing touches to light-weight machines in a Birmingham factory before packing them for shipment. The British motor-cycle industry is dealing with unprecedented demands for its products from overseas, and fifty countries in all five continents are clamouring for deliveries. Cycles of all kinds will be produced at the rate of 1,000,000 for the home trade and 1,500,000 for export during the next twelve months. An all-time record order from the United States has been placed with one British firm in Birmingham for 5,000 motor-cyclettes



THE IVORY TRADE IN FULL SWING AGAIN: Measuring an elephant tusk in the compound of Messrs. Puddefoot's, an old London firm of ivory dealers in Kennington. After a lapse of six years, the ivory trade with Africa has been resumed, and London will be able once again to see the "ivory floor" laid in Mincing Lane, when 10 tons of elephant tusks will be auctioned. The largest store of ivory in London lies in the Kennington compound of Messrs. Puddefoot, Bowers and Simonetta—a firm which has been bringing ivory, ebony and shagreen to England since the days of Charles II. The ivory lying in the compound will be on its way to America in a matter of weeks, converted into ivory-backed brushes by some of the firm's 150 craftsmen and women who have a lifetime's experience of the work



IECK-UP ON CHARM: Miss Lucie Clayton, one of the founders of the Mannequins Union in 1938, is now back from her war job of running Women's Legion Canteens in dockland, and is seen here checking the measurements of a mannequin at the big "Audition of Glamour" which she has been holding. The audition has been made necessary because so many former mannequins have been affected in figure and deportment during the war years. The fashion houses are feeling the shortage of mannequins acutely, and have raised their rates of pay considerably

MINERAL WEALTH FROM BRITAIN'S SURFACE WORKINGS: Giant excavators in action at one of the many open-cast coal workings which are now in operation in Britain, and which during the war years served such a vital purpose while stocks were low

INNING SURFACE COAL TO MEET THE NATION'S NEEDS: *Left*—Diesel excavators at work on a rich seam; *Right*—A water-flush boring tackle with compressor equipment used to determine the depth and thickness of outcrop coal. Two aspects of the open-cast coal industry which made such strides during the war years

he Government is giving high priority in 1946 to the problems of the mining industry's war-he offspring—production of open-cast coal. It has been proved that nearly 30,000,000 tons of al are available in this country comparatively near the surface on land already prospected, d that this coal can be won by American strip-mining methods. A supply of mechanical cavators similar to those used in the United States is needed. In America this method of taining coal has been followed for many years. The machines in use in Britain were a splendid make-shift for wartime, but are out of date. This young industry was started at the behest of the then President of the Board of Trade, Sir Andrew Duncan, early in 1942, after it had become known that stocks of coal at power stations, railway yards and other vital points of our war organisation were low. Sir Albert Braithwaite, director of a firm of contractors, broached the idea in the House of Commons, and it was then that Sir Andrew Duncan called some of the leading contractors to the Board of Trade, and the Open-Cast Coal Contractors' Committee was formed

WE NEED 4,000,000 HOUSES

But there are Many Snags in Our Progress Towards this Distant Aim

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE cold snap drew more attention than ever to the acute shortage of houses in Great Britain and the unfulfilled promises of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health.

Our immediate needs are 800,000 houses, but the ultimate aim is 4,000,000. So far, 4,500 prefabricated houses have been delivered to their sites and 2,000 are already occupied. Another unpleasant statistic is that 562 local authorities, one-third of the total in the country, say that they need 40,000 permanent prefabricated houses at once.

Unfortunately, prefabricated houses cannot stand the weather conditions of this country, whether they are made of wood, cement, asbestos, or any other ersatz material. A thousand years of experience shows that houses in Great Britain need to be made of brick or stone. Concrete houses, as was proved after the last war, are unsuitable because condensation occurs rapidly.

The first prefabricated houses in the world were erected at San Gabriel, a village near Hollywood, by an Englishman. The first fifty were ready for habitation in seven weeks. That was in 1938. Soon he had erected over 1,000 in California. On his return to this country, no attempt was made by the Ministry of Health to utilise his experiences. Instead, Sir George Burt headed a Committee which was sent out to study prefabricated houses in the United States. Ultimately a White Paper was produced on the methods employed; a whole year being wasted in this way.

Now comes the question of man hours necessary for the erection of houses. These will amount to 2,500, of which the mere site labour to erect a prefabricated house amounts to over 1,000 hours. This will cost the builder approximately £300. I have said nothing as yet about the cost of the land, road-making and services to be included in the original selling-price of £1,200. On an average, these will amount to £150. Adding the materials and labour to this sum, the builder is left with £70 to pay his overheads and show a profit.

These overheads include a week's holiday with pay for each man and a guarantee of half-pay when work is impossible owing to the weather. In addition, there are other overheads of work maintenance, machinery and clerical staff, which is enormously increased by P.A.Y.E. There is also the question of insurance, solicitor's fees and the architect's fees.

The cost of timber, incidentally, is the largest item, accounting for £130 per house as compared with £40 before the war. This is in spite of the fact that timber is the only raw material wholly controlled by the Government. Bricks form the next largest item, roughly £90 per house, while electrical work, which previously cost £10 per house, now costs £30. These prices apply to new houses of 1,000 superficial feet.

For a recent scheme prepared by an Eastbourne firm of builders to develop an estate of slightly smaller houses, the prices were as follows:

	£ s.
Cost of new street and sewer construction to local authority specification, not less per plot than	169 0
Erection of house in orthodox manner under the Government-quoted figure of 21s. per ft. super for a building of 850 super ft.	892 10
Cost of land per building plot of 40 ft. frontage at £2 10s. per ft. frontage, this sum covering net cost of land with small margin of profit	100 0
TOTAL	£1,161 10

Unfortunately, the Government insists that a house this size may not be sold at more than £1,110; and no legal charges, architectural fees and other expenses have yet been considered. It is therefore a physical impossibility to construct houses in the orthodox manner at this price.

Nor need it be supposed that buildings erected by local authorities will be any cheaper. On the contrary. Municipal building automatically demands more officials on the job, to see that the contract is carried out. Their wages alone will add substantially to the cost of the building. It can also be frankly said that there is not the same incentive to work for councils as there is for private enterprise. . . .

In the meantime, the National Federation of Registered Housebuilders has merged with the Housebuilders' Association of Great Britain. This integration of the two bodies is no marriage of convenience. It is a permanent and complete amalgamation of experienced housebuilders determined, in the words of their President, "that the capacity for social service of our great industry will be utilised to the full in the rebuilding of the Better Britain for which we have all suffered, struggled, fought and won during the past six terrible years."

It is self-evident that registered housebuilders represent the capacity to build houses better, more quickly and more cheaply than they can be provided by any other means. But how long the British public will accept the direction of the Government as to where it shall live, what kind of house it shall live in, or what neighbours it must live next to, remains to be seen.

Yet Mr. Aneurin Bevan stated in public that local authorities must be regarded as the organisation and concern for the building of the main bulk of the housing programme, "because they were admirably suited for that purpose."

Side by side with local-authority building there is to be the State purchasing of materials through the Ministry of Supply. The principal justification for this would be the standardisation of dimensions and qualities, and the consequent ability to place bulk orders. So far, however, there has been practically no collaboration with the materials-producing industries, and even when mass production of houses has been fully planned, months must elapse before the factories can be tooled up and production can start.

Even then it will only be temporary standardised huts which can be produced in this way. If the system applied to the materials used for traditional house-building, it would prove far too complicated to have any chance of success. As it is, local authorities and their contractors are sure to find that some materials for the pre-fabs arrive on the site before they are required, while others will not arrive at all from the purchasing agency and will have to be bought through ordinary trade channels.

After the last war a serious attempt was made to encourage municipal building. It was soon found, however, that in the majority of cases houses built under local authorities cost 50 per cent. more than those erected by private enterprise, and the whole scheme finally faded out altogether.

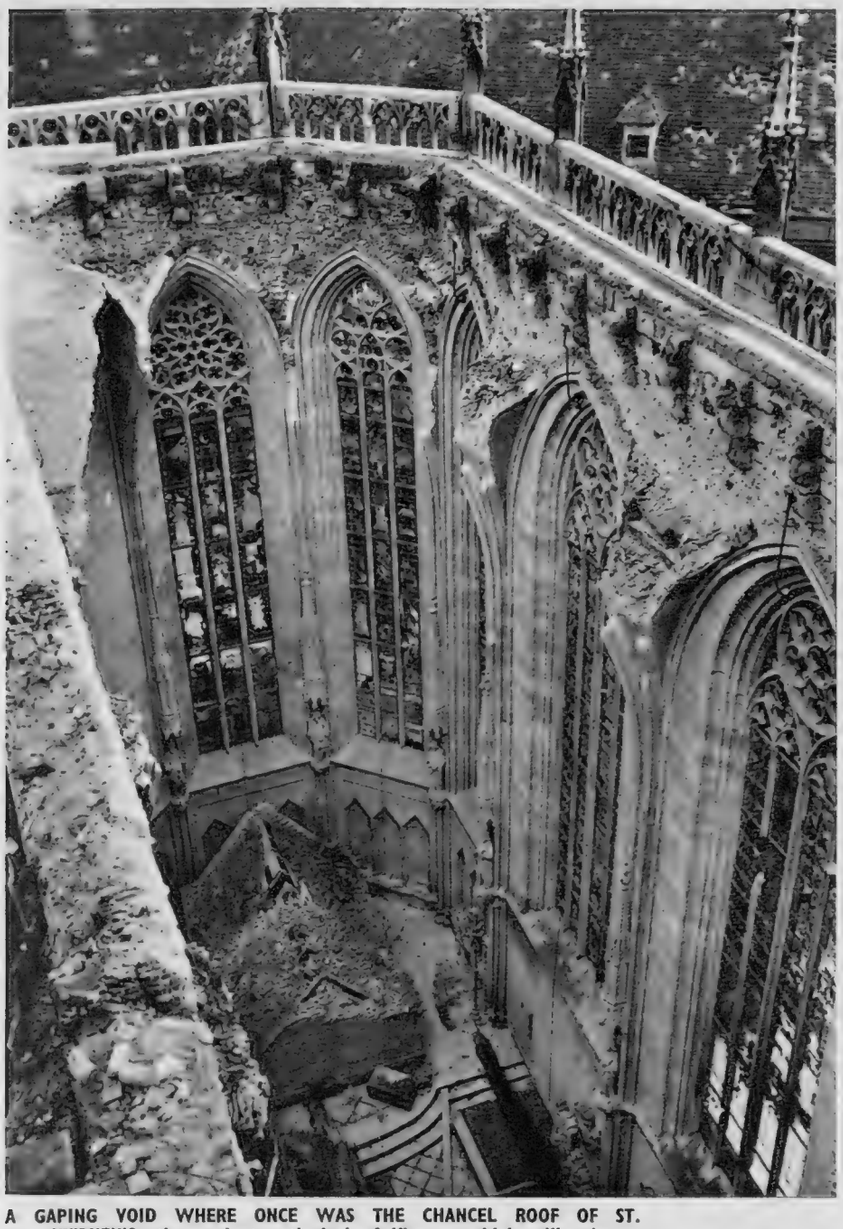
Generally speaking, concentration upon the building of small, standardised houses should not continue a minute longer than is necessary. The way to improve the lot of the lower income groups is not to build merely those houses which must be managed by local authorities and let at uneconomic rentals, thereby adding to the already heavy burden of the local taxpayer and ratepayer, but to encourage the constant upward shift of the population from small houses and mean streets to larger houses on estates laid out in accordance with modern ideas of town planning and estate development.

Mr. F. E. Moss, President of the new Federation of Registered Housebuilders, has made two round-the-world tours to study housing conditions in Soviet Russia, Germany, the Balkans, France and the United States. His attitude is that the services of the Federation are essential if the great shortage of houses is to be made good within a reasonable time and at a cost that will not plunge the country into still further risk of bankruptcy. "It is a paradox," he says, "that having fought and won the battle for freedom from dictatorship, we look like being prevented by the new would-be dictatorship from rendering that service of which the public is in such desperate need. It will not be in the best interests of the country if we sit back and wait till the Government makes a complete mess of the housing programme. We must insist that our experience, initiative and drive is used to the national good."

In his latest speech—to the Council for Education and World Citizenship—Mr. Aneurin Bevan said that houses would be going up in great numbers this year and they would solve the housing problem. Once again he was completely ambiguous. Simultaneously, Mr. George Tomlinson, Minister of Works, announced that fifty completely prefabricated houses would be built every day, one of these days.

What must surprise everybody interested in housing and the present Labour Government is that Mr. George Hicks, M.P., has no place in the Government, much less in the Cabinet. Could it be that he was offered the post of Minister of Works, and refused it when he discovered that his Party's politics demanded that private enterprise would be stifled in the building trade, as in so many other key industries?

A "PRE-FAB" TOWN FOR 300 LONDON FAMILIES: At Cubitt Town, on the Isle of Dogs, destroyed in large part by the blitz of 1940-41, a colony of prefabricated houses has arisen and already 200 dockland families have taken possession. The residents, many of whom have known years of evacuation, are delighted to be back in dockland, mightily changed though the scene is since the Luftwaffe did its work



A GAPING VOID WHERE ONCE WAS THE CHANCEL ROOF OF ST. STEPHEN'S, the ancient cathedral of Vienna, which will take at least two years to repair following the damage done by artillery fire when the Germans were holding out in the city last year

THE WAR SCARS OF VIENNA CATHEDRAL

How 12th-Century St. Stephen's Suffered from Shell Fire

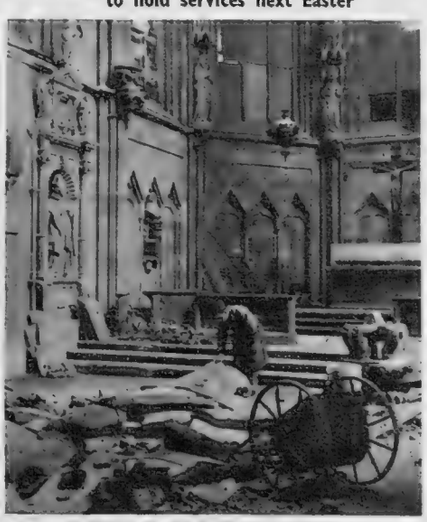
Damage done by shell and fire during World War II to the fabric of the twelfth-century Gothic Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna, will take upwards of two years to repair. The cathedral's 450-ft. spire—one of the finest Gothic spires in the world—was badly hit, and the twin Heiden towers hit when S.S. troops defended the city from the Russians in early 1945. The triangular-shaped roof, between the towers and the spire, caught fire during the shelling, and timbers crashed through the roof of the cathedral nave. A newly-constructed wall now shuts off the chancel—which received most damage—from the nave, and it is hoped that services will be resumed in the nave by Eastertide

THE BATTLE-SCARRED NAVE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, Vienna's twelfth-century archiepiscopal cathedral, is now in the hands of the builders, having suffered severely during the Soviet advance in 1945: A builder's hut is seen in the foreground

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR CLEAR DEBRIS FROM THE CHANCEL: In the background is the wall dividing off the nave, a less severely damaged part, where it is hoped to hold services next Easter

BULLET HOLES HAVE DEFACED THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, and have pierced the celebrated picture by Tobias Bock, depicting the stoning of St. Stephen: The High Altar is of black marble, and the windows on each side once contained rare fourteenth-century glass

REVEALED BY THE HAND OF WAR: This old painting in the choir loft was brought to light during reconstruction work, and historians are now investigating it. It is in the oldest part of the cathedral



THE GREAT PUMMERIN BELL now lies in 100 fragments, having crashed to the chancel floor when fire destroyed its supports. It weighed 19½ tons, having a height and a diameter of 10 ft., and was cast from the bronze of Turkish cannon captured in 1711

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE MYTTON TRADITION.—The "heroes" of the Turf and the hunting field are in their own roseate literature much more than life-size.

Whenever I have recourse to that form of sporting chronicle—be it fictional or semi-official—I find myself being carried away to accept their "heroic" proportions unquestioned. But when I put the enchanting volume aside again (especially so in this austerity age), I begin to wonder if these portraits in the Gallery of Sport have not been painted in colours too rosy and on too large a scale.

A great literature has grown up around them; a literature peculiarly dear to lovers of English life and character. Some of them are indistinguishably confused with their fictional counterparts, and those of them who in old age wrote down their autobiographies have inevitably still further obliterated the dividing-line between fact and fiction. In my view they need a professional writer (one, of course, competent to speak their language, which I am not) to set them before us in acceptable style. When Nimrod or The Druid shows them off to us, we swallow them whole and ask for more. For they are served up to us then with a rare old English sauce and brought to table to the sound of a music which sets every true Englishman's heart dancing. We love them then (forbearing to criticise), because they rode the fields we love that are forever England, and excelled in the sports which stir our blood, even if we be, perforce, armchair hunters. We love them uncritically for the scenes which their doings conjure up: the autumn stubbles, the wet ploughlands, the grass and the sky, and the music, the creak of leather and the thunder of hooves.

But the catalogue of their feats and follies by an unskilled writer soon becomes sorry stuff. There is too much similarity in the headlong careers of these Gadarenes, and we begin to lose sympathy with endeavour so little constructive and folly so swiftly exposed. We value them, I think, not for what they did, so much as for where they did it. If they stand for old England, it is they who have become identified with their setting and not the other way about. I believe that only a partisan can do justice as a biographer of these strange men. I think that Thormanby set his gallery of heroes on pedestals too generously high, and that "the Druid" has intoxicated us with his heady poetry of sport. Their biographers and admirers overrate their value in the history of our country. Their courage, their philosophy in adversity, their steadfastness it is impossible not to admire. But equally impossible, is it not, to underline the narrowness and selfishness of their outlook.

If only they had devoted some part of their time and wealth and abilities to public service, to a study of political and economic problems, and to the cultivation of knowledge, literature and the arts. . . . There was time and to spare in those leisurely days for politics, culture and country pursuits in full measure. Men like Althorp, George Bentinck and Rous set them no difficult model to copy. They never realised that they derived their great wealth—by which alone their extraordinary, extravagant manner of life was made possible—from the political and economic happenings of their day. Their world was the limits of their own particular hunting country, their view extended no farther than their own stable-yard and the card-room of Crockford's or the Portland.

Unchanging Squirearchy.—The life of the squire and of the sportsman of the early nineteenth century differed in essentials extraordinarily little from that of his eighteenth-century predecessor. After Waterloo, it is true, fox-hunting began to lose its purely local significance, the sport began to attract more and more men about town, and country life came into fashion, with very lively results in the improved breed of foxhounds and hunters and race-horses, in a general speeding-up of methods, by the aid of new scientific theories, on plough and stubble, and by a notable rise in the "cost of living."

The great country houses of England were deserted and in dust-sheets when Colonel Byng jotted down his travel notes in 1790. After Waterloo they became the centre of fashionable life. It was not the Squire but the London man of Fashion who was responsible for that great change in our social history. But the tradition of country life and sport was unbroken. The squires and bucks of 1820-60 were the sons of their fathers and the fathers of their sons.

Time and again the man of the pen must have leapt at the chance to write finis to a chapter. He must have proclaimed the untimely death of John Mytton in 1834 to be the end of a chapter; he certainly in 1866 labelled George Osbaldeston as the last of the hard-riding, fast-living squires, and as certainly the same label was applied in 1878 to George Payne and in 1923 to Henry Chaplin. Perhaps with Henry Chaplin the facile pronouncement was at last justified.

Generation after generation the type was constant, the tradition unbroken. It was the eccentricity of the Corinthians to get themselves up like ladies' maids, but they knew how to fight, and fight hard, with fists and swords, and Wellington asked no better material to lead his redcoats in the Peninsula. Nor were dress and cranks their only "cultivated eccentricities." To lift themselves from the common herd they deliberately cultivated extravagance in money matters, most prominently revealed in reckless betting and gambling. What in their case had begun as a cultivated eccentricity developed in their sons into an ineradicable habit of mind.

The wise virgin did not marry, even though she loved, the confirmed spendthrift, who was far too selfish as a rule to be a marrying man. The wife who found herself linked to one seems usually to have done too little to check (if not too much to encourage) the headlong pace.

For the spendthrift himself had come to view his weakness, if not as an ornament, at least as an inherited and incurable characteristic, and, philosophically, always he made the best of it.

For such as he, in his brief day of privilege, the money poured in at least a quarter as fast as he could drain it out, and he was assured of a "Waterloo run" before he arrived at a bankrupt middle-age. While the money lasted, he could afford to neglect the more fantastic eccentricities of his fathers, the absurd clothes, the cultivated stunts, the tricks of speech and gesture. He rode, raced, gambled, loved, jested and drank hard—and those recreations filled his life for twenty hours out of every twenty-four.

Their sense of humour was expressed in practical jokes, either cruel or crude. The cavalry officer sat down to dinner in the mess evening after evening at five o'clock. After the business of eating was done the door was locked, and even the youngest subaltern must remain in his chair (if he could) drinking and exchanging the commonplaces of regimental life and sport, until two in the morning.

Art, music and literature, politics and political economy, had no part in their lives. When not hunting, racing, games-playing or card-playing, they ate and drank, and when they could drink no more they slept until it was time to dress for the meet or the race-meeting or the parade-ground.

The Value of "Noblesse Oblige."—I do not imply that men like Osbaldeston and Payne were mannerless boors. Far from it. Osbaldeston had charming manners, Payne had dignity, "Gumley" Wilson was something of a scholar. But they possessed the insensibility which is bred of selfishness deliberately pursued. They threw their gifts away.

Accordingly, the women-folk of the Mytton breed were compelled to put up with humiliation and intolerable boredom in their lives and in their *métier* of flattering chorus to the heroes, their sons and brothers. They must submit to the coarsest language, the rudest practical jokes, hours of loneliness and hours of insensible companionship hardly less lonely. They must wink at infidelities committed under their own roofs—a brutality which London Society had largely ceased to indulge—and must endure all the penalties while enjoying few of the amenities of the brief years of reckless spending.

Mytton, Osbaldeston and George Payne—three great prototypes of the brotherhood—have a remarkable number of common features in their biographies. All three were landed proprietors—long settled or not so long settled on their acres; that is, of the old or new landed gentry class; all had suffered from lack of a father's discipline in youth, and all, through long minorities and economic causes, inherited great wealth in excess of what their fathers enjoyed.

All three began to burn the money the very moment it was theirs to handle; all three rejected, after the briefest trial, the public responsibilities of a landed proprietor. (Each was pricked sheriff of his county early in youth, and none of them persisted in any form of public service for more than a half-hearted year or so.) None of them were "marrying men," though Mytton twice married and Osbaldeston, at the end of his life, made a marriage of convenience. Irretrievably selfish, they were cast-iron bachelors. In wealth, and sometimes by birth, they were the equals of the Whig or Tory noblemen and gentlemen, whose equals and superiors the Mytton breed assuredly were in sport; but it is impossible not to see that their narrowness and selfishness raised between them and those others who recognised their public responsibilities ever so little, and who had advanced to a higher stage in culture, a class barrier well defined.

There are many instances to point the truth of it, none better than Mr. Coke's unpardonable treatment of Osbaldeston at Holkham. In the eyes of such men as Coke and the Bentincks, Osbaldeston and even Payne were professionals, they themselves amateurs; for all that, Bentinck on the Turf was anything but amateur in his methods. It is a truth which I think the biographers of the Mytton breed overlook. I shall return to the subject later on.

TOY THEATRES TO RETURN: Miss Pollock's shop in Hoxton as it was in the days when children bought the famous Pollock Toy Theatres, constructing them from cut-out plates. Now these old favourites are to be made available again

Ralph Richardson, the actor, and Alan Keen, the antiquarian bookseller, who are reviving the Pollock Toy Theatres and prints which Stevenson made famous in his essay on "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," hope in a few weeks' time to have 50,000 children's theatres available in this country. For the first time since Miss Pollock closed her small shop in Hoxton in the summer of 1943, the old authentic Pollock prints of celebrated Victorian actors, like Phelps and Brooke and Macready in their great Shakespearean parts, are once more readily obtainable. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Keen took over the entire Pollock stock, amounting in all to more than 1,300 plates, and are gradually re-issuing the whole Pollock Repertory, both of actors and of plays. The latest piece to be brought back into circulation is the Victorian drama of the *Red Rover*. Not content with reproducing the plates of the past, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Keen are busy making new plates of their own. Miss Doris Zinkeisen, one of the most famous of London's stage designers, is now working on the décor and costumes of the new highwayman play, *The High Toby*.

RESCUER AND RESCUED: An Alsatian, having scented-out an avalanche victim and helped to dig him out of the snow, follows behind the sledge on the return journey to hospital. An incident in the Swiss Alpine Club's training of these fine dogs, which are now to a certain extent replacing St. Bernards

QUEST FOR THE INJURED: An Alsatian in training at Scheidegg for the work of scenting-out avalanche victims. After locating them, the dogs are taught to help in the work of digging out the injured

DOGS with a MISSION

Alsatian Rescuers in the Alps and Prize Sheepdogs of Wales

It appears that Alsatian dogs are now to a certain degree replacing the famous St. Bernard breed for rescue work in the Swiss Alps. Dogs, demobilised by the Swiss Army, have been taken over by the Swiss Alpine Club and are receiving a refresher course with rescue squads in the work of retrieving victims buried under avalanches. After locating victims by scent, the dogs are trained to assist in digging them out. About eighty dogs and trainers have been stationed at strategic points in the Alps in readiness for the winter sports season, when the number of accidents, particularly among unskilled and semi-skilled mountaineers, usually increases considerably

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? Mr. David William Daniel, a noted trainer of Welsh sheepdogs, counting up his flock, which has just been gathered in by his prize dogs at Henglyn Farm, near Swansea

THEIR FIRST TASTE OF TRAINING: Two of Mr. Daniel's pups pictured at Henglyn Farm. They are offspring of Mr. Daniel's prize dog Allan

Sheepdog training, a labour of infinite patience for man and dog, is an art that has long flourished in West Wales, and one of its greatest exponents to-day is Mr. David William Daniel, of Henglyn Farm, near Swansea. Lean, rugged and weatherbeaten, Mr. Daniel is now fifty-one, and he has been training sheepdogs since he was thirteen, winning prizes in every part of the Principality. His outstanding dog is Allan, a marvellous combination of grace and efficiency and a wonderful tribute to Mr. Daniel's training. Last year was one of triumph for Allan, and during the coming year he is certain to add still further to his collection of trophies. Allan responds only to the Welsh language, but the bond of understanding between him and his master is so great that but a single word or a nod is necessary

MEET FLOSS AND ALLAN: Mr. David William Daniel with his two favourite sheepdogs. Mr. Daniel has been successful at sheepdog trials all over Wales since he first began training at the age of thirteen. Allan (on the right) is a son of Floss, and the trainer accounts him the best dog he has ever known

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WHEN the KOH-I-NOOR WAS POCKETED

Lord Birdwood Entertains with Indian Anecdotes; Marguerite Steen Tells the Story of "Rose Timson"; How to Found a Peace Party

IN MY TIME (Skeffington. 10s. 6d.) is an entertaining collection of anecdotes and reminiscences by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, the great soldier-scholar who was Master of Peterhouse and is the senior Field-Marshal of the British Army. His stories are eminently quotable, whether they are about the Chinese coolie's first impression of a motor-car: "No shov-ee—no push-ee, smell awful—go like hell-o." Or the opinion of the sergeants' mess on the beer supplied to them.

"Thank you, sir. It suited us all right."

"What do you mean by suited you?"

"Well, sir, we looked at it like this—if it had been a bit better we shouldn't have had it; and if it had been a bit worse we couldn't have drunk it."

Some of the Field-Marshal's most interesting recollections are of life in India, where he has spent altogether almost fifty years, and of earlier Indian history. I had never before heard, for instance, his account of the Koh-i-Noor diamond being given to John Lawrence, who put it in his white-waistcoat pocket and forgot all about it. The diamond which now holds first place in our Queen's crown was only rescued when Lawrence's waistcoat went to the wash.

With a nice sense of contrast, Miss Marguerite Steen has moved from the rich and world-wide scenes of *The Sun Is My Undoing* to the muted airs of middle-class England. Her new novel, in fact, has only length in common with its predecessor; that, and a fullness of detail and descriptive power that mark all her work, whether fiction or *belles lettres*. **ROSE TIMSON** (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is the story of a practical woman of great determination and energy, who divorces her dissolute husband while she is still fairly young and is left with no income and the prospect of bringing up her two little daughters.

Rose begins her career with a steely ambition and an appreciation of life's good things that owes nothing to subtlety. It might, in fact, be summed up by saying that she is one of Marie Lloyd's greatest admirers, and there is even a character who a little resembles that great music-hall artiste, and who, in the book, becomes Rose's greatest friend.

After a time, though the ambition never wavers, Rose's sense of values hardens. She is successful in her determination to make money, but gradually her admirable will degenerates into obstinacy, and finally into a tragic inability to see the point of view even of those most dear to her, for she is, under this ruthless exterior, a creature of profound affections. It might, in fact, be said that she goes a very long way towards ruining, in all but a material way, the lives of both her daughters. The career she has chosen for herself is, in fiction at least, an unusual one. She is a strong, healthy woman with unusually sensitive hands, and she learns the profession of massage, for which she seems peculiarly adapted.

After some years Rose meets a European doctor who persuades her that her remarkable hands would bring her a greater fortune in less creditable work, and this she agrees to take up, soon becoming a very rich woman. The war and the discovery that her younger unmarried daughter is to have a baby bring her to a stark realisation that she has failed, nevertheless, in more ways than one, and, refusing to practise her peculiar skill on her daughter, she resolves to give up her career and help the girl to bring up the child to happiness.

Clearly this is not a case where "... *every virtue, every grace, Rose Timson all were thine*," but a really brilliant study of realism and, by the way, a first-rate novel

BALLET COMES TO COVENT GARDEN AFTER SEVEN LEAN YEARS: Members of the Sadler's Wells Company rehearsing at the Royal Opera House for their forthcoming production of "The Sleeping Princess." The décor for *The Sleeping Princess* is by Oliver Messel, and during the season there will also be a new ballet by Frederick Ashton to Franck's "Variations Symphoniques," and a ballet by Robert Helpmann, with music by Arthur Bliss and décor by Roger Furse. Negotiations have also been going on to bring a season of French opera from Paris in March or April, and a company from the Royal Opera of Stockholm in June

Mr. G. F. Hughes has written a gay satire on the modern tendency to join anything which promises to shoulder the responsibilities of thought and action. The theme of **THE SAFETY CATCH** (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.) is the foundation in 1938 of a new Peace Movement founded by a young clerk. Modern public relations methods, an elaborate published journal, and all the rest of the trappings, draw tremendous support. A private army soon becomes necessary to preserve enough peace for the group to hold its meetings, and there are some fine battles.

The leader, who has by now found it necessary to confine his speeches to nonsense and to drop all logical argument, has a wonderful time, and so do his close supporters. However, when war breaks out the following year they all join up and the Movement is forgotten. I thoroughly enjoyed this writer's wit and his use of comic situations, and recommend it to any of you who enjoy watching a successful job of deflation, or, if it comes to that, any good, clean fun!

A moderate little American novel is Mr. Albert Halper's **ONLY AN INCH FROM GLORY** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), which reminds one irresistibly of that masterpiece of toughness *Butterfield 8*, without that admirable novel's raciness. It deals with the life and slightly sordid loves of a girl living for the most part alone in New York, drinking too much and too constantly, and falling in love with a succession of the wrong people. She has, however, a faithful friend who is loyal to her through very thick and infinitely thin, right to the end. Here (the pattern repeats itself again) is violence and a horrible death. Mr. Halper writes with a pleasant ease, though in a derivative style, and his tale of Manhattan is readable enough, though something less than sensational.

"Now that an army's stomach is catered for as a matter of course," writes Mr. Somerset de Chair, "it would be truer to say that an army marches on its mind." His new book is, he claims, the by-product of a mind on the march. It is a miscellany of word-sketches of Oliver Cromwell, Jesus Christ and Napoleon; philosophical reflections, two or three poems and studies of the minutiæ of modern army organisation against a background of Iraq, of the great stone halls of Karnak, and of the Atlantic.

A MIND ON THE MARCH (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is a curious and occasionally a provocative volume, as in that chapter "The Philosophy of a Wounded Man." In straightforward reporting, as in the story of the little girl Helena of Abu Sinan, the writer is at his best, but it is only rarely that he adopts this method, being more naturally discursive.

The companion volume to their earlier *Birds of the Day* has now been produced by Mr. Eric Hosking and Mr. Cyril Newberry, whose superlative photographs and excellent text tell one all that there is to know about **BIRDS OF THE NIGHT** (Collins. 12s. 6d.). To the lay reader there is a prodigious amount of fresh knowledge in these pages, as in these pictures. Did you know, for instance, that although owls' heads seem to rest directly on their shoulders, they have, in fact, very long necks, disguised by thick feathers, and that they are able to turn their heads through an unusually wide arc? And that, furthermore, this is a pretty good thing for the owl, whose eyes are fixed in their orbits?

Or that the little owl, "that much-disputed foreigner," was introduced into this country at great trouble, first by "Squire" Waterton, who brought them from Rome in 1843? This is a fascinating book, even to the armchair naturalist, and I recommend it.

Miss Winifred Graham is undoubtedly the most prolific of woman novelists, with eighty-six books to her credit. Her latest one is a volume of reminiscences which bridges the days between Victorian times and our own.

THAT REMINDS ME . . . (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.) gives an indication, from the moment one reads the title, of the kind of conversational, easy, rather disconnected style of writing to expect. It deals as much with the author's social life as with her writing activities, and is very liberally starred with famous names. Perhaps it is this and the recurring accounts of visits to country houses, feasts of "salmon and other delicacies" and reflections on hospitality in general and in particular that give this book such an oddly old-world atmosphere; old-world but curiously not nostalgic.

THE PEOPLE'S CAR HAS ARRIVED: Announced as costing £150 inclusive of purchase tax, road tax, and insurance, these two cars (6-h.p. on the left and 7-h.p. on the right) are to be mass-produced at Grantham by Denis Kendall, M.P. The 6-h.p. model has a two-cylinder engine in front; the 7-h.p. model has its three-cylinder engine at the rear. Both cars are the same price and will be on the market within sixteen weeks, say the manufacturers

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A mother, writing of her girl who is being cared for by the Shaftesbury Homes at their Esher Girls' Home, says "I would like to say one or two words in praise of the Home and how my girl has been cared for. I am very proud of her, as her manners are superb, and I feel proud to say I sent my daughter to you." Such is the work being done by this Society whose Head Office is at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

For Individuality

ALVIS

THE FOURTEEN Four-light Saloon ex works £698
Purchase Tax £104.12.9

ALVIS LTD., COVENTRY

Getting back to it all

When man has been reconstructed and becomes a citizen at peace, we will once again be able to supply him with the good things he used to enjoy. In the meantime, a man will always find something at Austin Reed's to help fortify him against the weather. The necessities are there even if abundance is absent.

AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

LONDON & PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

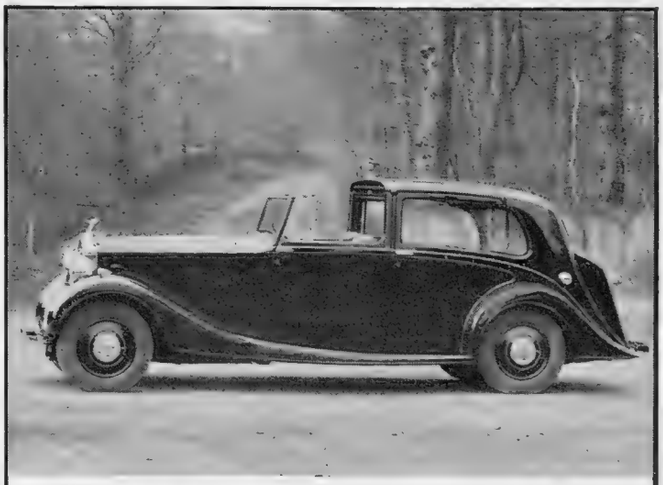
At the sign of the
BLACK SPREAD EAGLE

The origins of Barclays Bank lie deep in the past, although its history as a Limited Company is comparatively recent. The twenty private banks which amalgamated in 1896 were managed by practical bankers, and it was from their partners that the Board of Barclay & Company Limited was drawn. In order to ensure that the local management should remain unchanged, special provision was made for the establishment of Local Boards composed of the partners of the old firms.

This policy has been continued to this day. There are now 31 Local Boards established throughout the country, through which many traditional links with the past have been preserved and personal contact maintained. These are a firm foundation for the progressive policies of to-day.

The local backgrounds of some of these districts will be described from time to time in the Press by

BARCLAYS BANK
LIMITED
54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



HOOPER

THEIR MAJESTIES' COACHBUILDERS

For more than a century it has been the gracious pleasure of successive British sovereigns to commission Coachwork by the firm of Hooper. A wide range of Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Bentley and other makes, in normal times, will be on view in our famous St. James Street Showrooms. In the meantime we can offer a fine selection of pre-war cars for immediate delivery.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING COACHBUILDERS AND MOTOR BODY BUILDERS

HOOPER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD., 54 ST. JAMES STREET, S.W.1

Painted by J. Kynnersley Kirby.

ALFRED BERRY is an example of the old regular soldier finding his place in the chemical industry. His working career illustrates a characteristic of chemical manufacture—how one chemical can be used as the base for a variety of products. A native of Stowupland Mr. Berry served 7 years in the Suffolk Regiment before entering a nitro-cellulose works in 1913. As an Army reservist he rejoined his regiment on the outbreak of war in 1914, was wounded and made prisoner at Le Cateau. On repatriation in 1919 he went back to his old job. In that year the factory, which till then had been using nitro-cellulose as the base for explosives, turned over to making it into a range of lacquers and finishes needed by the furniture and leather trades and particularly by the expanding motor-car industry. The development of cellulose lacquers, which dried in minutes, were waterproof and could be made hard or flexible, was an important step towards the production of the popular-priced car, for which the demand was then beginning. During the war Mr. Berry's work was extended to take in many secret products of direct military use. As a charge hand in his old factory he had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts helped the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Royal Air Force in which his two boys are serving.

ICI

ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD

& CO. LTD.

Brewers of ale and stout for over two centuries

SEAGERS

GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

Though thoughts are elusive, you'll catch them in flight with a smooth-flowing Swan in your hand when you write.

ONE SIZE ONE SHAPE

PHURNACITE

SMOKELESS FUEL

Size of fuel 1¾ ins. long by 1¼ ins. wide. Regd. Designs 838903—825610

RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS BOTH OF "ESSE" COOKERS AND OF "AGA" COOKERS AND WATER HEATERS

PHURNACITE never varies in size or quality. You can always identify the genuine product by its unique shape, *bearing the two recessed bands*, as illustrated. Phurnacite does not break up in transit or storage and is impervious to moisture. Retail Coal Merchants are doing everything possible to ensure fair distribution of the limited supplies of Phurnacite.

A POWELL DUFFRYN PRODUCT

Note these Facts

COLDS AND 'FLU have one thing in common with Headache, Toothache, Neuritis, Sleeplessness and Rheumatism: safe and speedy relief can be obtained from them all by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

Taken in the early stages, 'Genasprin' will ward off a *Cold* or *'Flu*. It circulates in the blood and gradually releases minute doses of salicylic acid, a potent antiseptic which combats cold and 'flu germs. In the later stages of 'flu 'Genasprin' can be used with perfect safety to reduce the temperature and calm throbbing nerves.

'Genasprin' is the completely pure, completely safe form of aspirin that will not harm the heart or digestion. Ask your chemist for it; he has it in stock at 1/5d. and 2/3d. 'Genasprin' is one of the things for which it is *not* necessary to accept a substitute.

At any time of strain or pain

'GENASPRIN'

sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.

4

Famous QUEENS by famous Masters

QUEEN CAROLINE
OF BRUNSWICK
by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
(National Portrait Gallery)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

by Macdonald & Muir

In her veins flowed royal blood, giving her the queenly distinction that commands loyalty. And similarly, in Highland Queen "Grand Liqueur" there are choice spirits, skilfully blended to give this sovereign Whisky that distinction of flavour which will claim your allegiance from the first sip.

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
Distillers
LEITH SCOTLAND

It suits us to suit you

One of the most valuable of business assets is a good reputation. We of Bernard Weatherill are very proud of ours and spare no efforts to keep it always unblemished. Despite all the difficulties of the past years, we have maintained the quality, if not always the quantity, of our stocks of cloth. Our perfection of cut and our excellence of workmanship remain unchanged.

In short, wartime has added to our worries but not detracted from our reputation.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

11, *BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM*
and at Aldershot, Richmond (Yorks.) and Harrogate

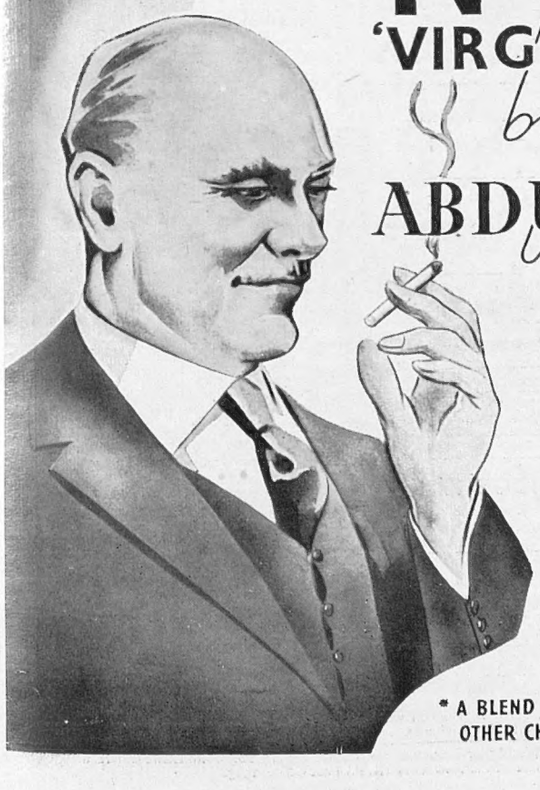
"THE SEVENTH HEAVEN"

THERE'S HEAVEN IN A 'SEVEN'

No. 7 'VIRGINIA'*

by

ABDULLA



20 for 2/8

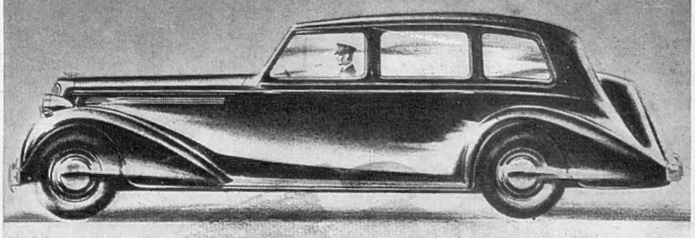
* A BLEND OF VIRGINIA AND OTHER CHOICE TOBACCOS

DRESS COACH BY
THRUPP & MABERLY
1795

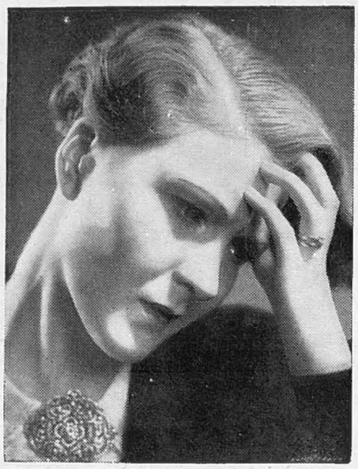
Thrupp & Maberly

LONDON
1760-1946

Carriage Builders through the centuries



HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE WITH COACHWORK BY THRUPP & MABERLY



HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

does not *smash* ailments—it very very gently *soothes, relieves and ends many a trouble*

See the name HOWARDS on every tablet

HOWARDS & SONS LTD. (Estd. 1797) ILFORD

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover factories have now been reinstated for car production, and deliveries to authorised buyers have begun. The new cars are similar in general design to the pre-war Rover models . . . with the addition of further detail refinements in the Rover tradition of quality.

Model	Retail Price	Purchase Tax	Total Retail Price including Purchase Tax
10 h.p. Saloon	£460	£128 10 7	£588 10 7
12 h.p. Saloon	£505	£141 0 7	£646 0 7
12 h.p. Sports Saloon	£520	£145 3 11	£665 3 11
14 h.p. Saloon	£550	£153 10 7	£703 10 7
14 h.p. Sports Saloon	£565	£157 13 11	£722 13 11
16 h.p. Saloon	£580	£161 17 3	£741 17 3
16 h.p. Sports Saloon	£595	£166 0 7	£761 0 7

The Rover Company, Ltd.
Solihull, Birmingham; and Devonshire House, London

CVS-31

Valstar "777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

VALSTAR LTD.,
SALFORD 6, Lancs.
Also at 314 Regent St., London, W.1

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Unlike the new Opera House at Stockholm which has expanding and contracting walls the

NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

One of Britain's finest hotels

has as yet no such facilities, so Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes, the active proprietors, regret that they have so often to refuse would-be visitors.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Offers shops, scenery and plenty of sunshine. Provides admirable quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing-space. Terms from 6 gns.
NOW BOOKING FOR WINTER MONTHS. *Resident Director:* Mrs. R. J. Bray.

WALDRONHYRST HOTEL, BRAMLEY HILL, CROYDON, SURREY

First-class hotel in salubrious surroundings. Tennis, Croquet and Putting. Excellent Cuisine, Private Suites. Terms from 5 gns. 'Phone: Cro. 2641/2.

SEAVIEW HOTEL
GRAND PARADE • EASTBOURNE

On the front, and in the front rank. From 9 gns. Tel.: 470.

Booking now for Winter.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Dining Room of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

The social hub of Devon

THE CORNISH RIVIERA IS NOT A MYTH. Keep warm and well this winter by staying at the

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

facing the sea, the sun and the south. Central heating, private suites. Apply Manager early. Tel.: Penzance 471.

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's throw from St. James's Park, Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 16s. 6d. per night. Tel.: WHItehall 3176.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of park land. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. From 7½ guineas. Tel.: 1911.

THE COUNTY HOTEL, ROTHBURY
NORTHUMBERLAND

Fully Licensed. H. and C. all bedrooms. Cocktail Lounge. Accommodation for a limited number of permanent residents. Telephone and Telegrams: Rothbury 6.
A.A.*** R.A.C. and Veteran Motorists.

THE OLD HOUSE HOTEL
WINDSOR

There are occasional bedroom vacancies and always a chance of good food and good wine if you will but 'phone beforehand Windsor 1354. Luncheons 5s. Dinners 5s., and 2s. 6d. House charge.

CAREFREE?

Not altogether, perhaps. Then the tried yet up-to-date prescription is a life policy with the Scottish Widows' Fund.

It's as essential to the smooth running of your career as tyres are to a motor car.

And *there's no waiting list.*

Write to the Secretary NOW, while you remember.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Sq.
Edinburgh, 2

London Office:
28 Cornhill, E.C.3

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1946. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

"THE" BREECHES MAKERS

POST or PERSONAL customers

Our long experience of post orders ensures every satisfaction to customers unable to call for personal fitting. **Cavalry Twills, Indian Whipcords, Moleskins, Leather Cords, Bedford Cords, and Riding Tweeds,** in all popular shades and pre-war qualities, made to measure at short notice for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. **Breeches and Jodhpurs from 5½ gns.** 10% less for Juveniles. Strappings, Continuations and P.T. extra. **Ladies' and Children's READY TO WEAR Jodhpurs always available. Send 1d. stamp** for self-measure chart and patterns.

HARRY HALL LTD

Sporting, Civil and Service Tailors

235 REGENT STREET, W1

REGent 2115, 5159

Telegrams: HALLZONE, LONDON

The maximum holding of 3% Defence Bonds has been raised from £1,500 to £2,000

3% DEFENCE BONDS can be held by—

- Any person in his private capacity.
- Parents or guardians on behalf of children under seven years of age.
- Trustees.
- Limited Companies.
- Charitable Bodies, Friendly Societies and Corporate Bodies generally.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

HERE AGAIN

NOW FOR A **GENUINE** 'PINK GIN'

NOW AVAILABLE:

Angostura Bitters is now available: if your usual Wine Merchant cannot supply you we invite you to send his name and address to Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd., 83, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

du MAURIER

The filter tip cigarette

Hurrah, BERMALINE BREAD for tea!

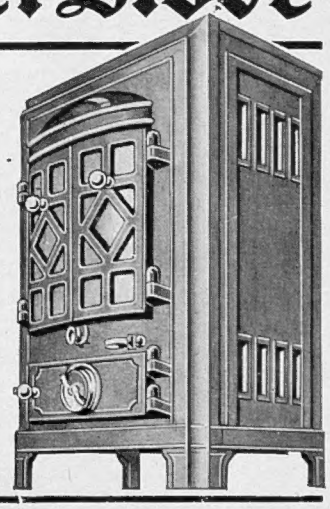
Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers everywhere.

Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO·LTD·IBROX·GLASGOW.

The Courtier Stove

NOT YET . . . . *but when the time comes, you can look forward to the cheerfulness of an open fire . . . . the economy of a slow-combustion stove . . . . constant warmth day and night . . . . and no morning fires to light.*



A 'COURTIER' IS WORTH WAITING FOR

Manufactured exclusively by
MITCHELL, RUSSELL & CO. LTD.
BONNYBRIDGE . SCOTLAND

Make no mistake – it **MAKES** the cake

This is the tin to buy

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

...to us, he will soon be 50!

We at Philips do not apologise for living in the world of the future. Experience has taught us that to maintain a leading position in the field of scientific development it is essential always to investigate the era of tomorrow. And when a child is born, we are — we have to be — preoccupied with the wonders of the world he will inherit.

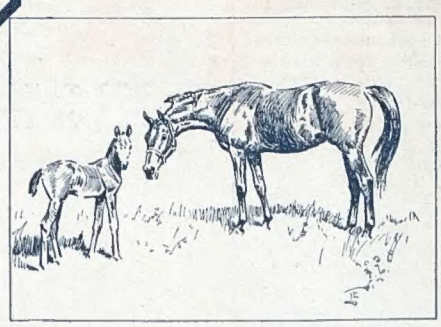
We look forward to — and prepare for him — greater personal amenities, improved technical standards, greater physical comforts than his parents dream are possible. In short, the living conditions of the world he will know, when he is 50, are our concern, today!

PHILIPS

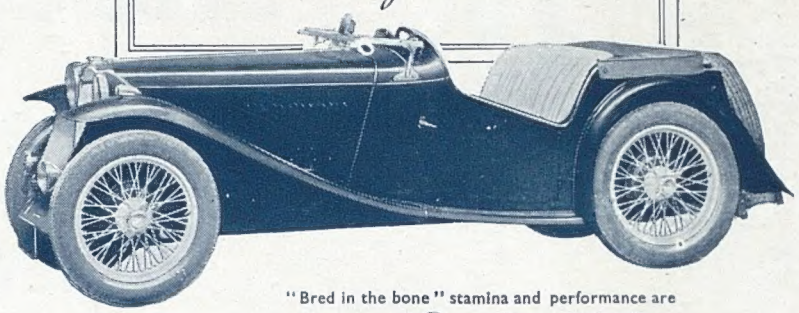
LAMPS · RADIO · X-RAY · COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT AND ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD · CENTURY HOUSE · SHAFTESBURY AVE · LONDON · W.C.2 (155C)

MG



Maintaining the Breed



"Bred in the bone" stamina and performance are the heritage of MG cars. The new "TC" Series Midget faithfully maintains the MG tradition. Price £375, plus Purchase Tax £104 18 4.

Safety fast!

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD. ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKS.

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

"An evening nip"

A "nip" of "Black & White" is always stimulating.

It's the Scotch!

This good cigarette in green packets

10·1/2
20·2/4

CARRERAS · 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1946. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.